ESSAYS Divine AND MORAL.

BY

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BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Right Reverend Father in God, *William*, Lord Bishop of S. *Davids*.

My LORD,

THE *World hath such a Veneration for your Lordship, that but to affix your Name here, gives an ennoblement to what of its self is altogether immeriting. I do not a little glory in the honour of your Friendship, and that in the perusal of these Papers you have been pleased to give them a valuation. I do now with more than ordinary assurance let them see light, since influenced by your favour, and warranted by so true an understanding.*

My Lord, Divinity is not my Pro-

 vince,

vince, and in a dissolute age may seem less fashionable: but the most unconcerned person when he comes to make a retreat into himself, will leave to call devotion into ridicule, and find piety the best security. Flights of this nature are not within my Talent; what I have most reached at hath been the gracefulness of expression, otherwise unfit to approach your Lordship. I know no reason but that compositures of this kind should put on all the lustre we can dress them with, to beget Enamorato's, since their intrinsick beauty hath in this pore-blind world so little attraction.

My Lord, 'tis usual in Dedications to celebrate the persons we address to; but your Lordship hath so often drawn your self to the life, that a rude Pencil would seem but to disfigure the fair Lineaments your inimitable hand hath fashioned. To enumerate your Lordships perfections were too

bold an undertaking, and (where they are so eminently known) were to set up a Taper to the Meridian Sun. Besides (but by paying your Lordship a fitting observance) I should offend your humility, of which you are a great example. Though the Copy seldom reaches the original, yet that all persons would endeavour such perfection, is heartily wished by him, that desires to continue the honour of stiling himself,

My Lord,

Your Lordships

most Obedient

Humble Servant,

Bridgis Nanfan.

These following *Essays* are,

1. *De Sanctitate Matutinâ.* Eccles. 12. 1.
2. *De Humanâ Fragilitate.* Job 14. 1.
3. *De Passione Christi in Corpore proprio.* Lament. 1. 12.
4. *De Passione Christi in corpore mystico seu de cruce piorum.* 2 Cor. 4. 17.

ESSAYS
Divine and Moral, &c.

ESSAY I.
De Sanctitate Matutinâ.

ECCLES. 12. 1.

Remember now thy Creatour in the Days of thy Youth.

AN Elegant Subject receives no illuſtration from the faint colours laid on by a rude hand. The Pencil of the greateſt Statiſt fits beſt

to beautifie the nobleſt actions. What nobler action, than to chalk out the intricate Labyrinth to an eternity of bliſs? A skilful Pilot he muſt needs be that ſteers through this *Helleſpont*.

2. The ſure Lanthorn of the glorious Goſpel muſt be eminently placed, while we paſs this ſtreight, when ſo many with winged Sails make to the heavenly *Ophir*, yet for want of the true Card of God's illuminating ſpirit to direct them, or fainting by the way, when they croſs the line of perſecution, few make a rich return of their labour.

——*Pauci quos æquus amavit*
Jupiter, atque ardens evexit ad æthera virtus.

None then ſo fit to keep ſteddy the erring World, as old *Salomon*, who had not only God (the Infallible Word) to dictate to him, while he drop'd

drop'd this Precept, but the *Firm* of Heaven ſet to a Tranſcript of a full Series of Experience, from the riſing to the ſetting of his Age. He could in the livelieſt colours delineate unto us the exorbitances of our Juvenile fervours, who had the Malady thereof as a Quotidian Ague.

3. This *Magus* could alſo beſt ſtate the unwieldineſs of froſted Age to ring an hourly Devotion, when the Wheels and Maſter-ſprings are ruſty and out of order, and its imbecillity to raze thoſe ſtrong Fortifications Satan (that ſubtle Engineer) cunningly builds to annoy us; when he, who had wiſdom to an aſtoniſhing excellency, could not repulſe the temptations ſpun with the fingers of the ſofter Sex, but muſt, in ſcorn of the ever living God, go worſhip *Aſhtoreth*, the Goddeſs of the *Sydonians*.

Remember now thy Creatour.

That's the burden of his Song: all the reſt of the ſtrings are wound up to tune with this. Good God ſo diſpoſe our hearts and hands to beat the time, that our ſouls, with ſo ſweet an harmony, ſo Angelical a *Diapaſon*, may be raviſh'd into an heavenly extaſie.

Before the glimmering ſpark of our devotion be abſolutely extinguiſh'd, he puts in this ſeaſonable *Memento*, as a bellows to blow it into a new flame.

4. This is the Antidote that cleanſeth and purifieth our blood, poyſon'd with the invenom'd arrow of our ſins. Thoſe Seraphick thoughts are the pearled dews, Ambroſial ſhowrs, that water, and refreſh us, when we are almoſt dried up, and withered: Thoſe *Arabian* winds (rich in their Perfumes)

fumes) that fan and cool our ſpirits ſcorch'd with the raging heat of luſt and concupiſcence. When the gaſtly viſage, haggiſh Ghoſt of ſin affrights us, one drop diſtill'd from this Alembick, and carefully thrown on the faces of our conſciences, preſently inſpirits thoſe parts, which before only wanted the decent ceremony of a Winding Sheet. When we are ſung aſleep with Satan's Lullabys, when, in the midnight of a beſotted Lethargy, he carries his dark Lanthorn to fire this train, here's the *Curfue* that rings the Alarm, that with full buckets of repentant tears we may timely extinguiſh the ſpreading flames, before they lay hold on the rotten buildings of our ſouls.

5. They who went to the Cave of *Trophonius*, to conſult the Oracle, drank of two Rivers; *Lethe* at the entring in, *Mnemoſyne* at the going forth; that, by the ope-

ration of the one, they might purge their thoughts of ſuch delectations, as they had given too free a Welcome to; by the other, enſhrine in their breaſts what that adored Diety deign'd them the knowledg of. So when we make our Applications to Heaven, conſult that ſacred Oracle, we muſt not only memorize him, as the great Architect of the Univerſe, as God from all Eternity, but we muſt clear our remembrance of all Dregs and Lees, the iſſue of our foul Impieties, of ſuch poyſonous Cates as diſcolour the eaſie tinctur'd complexion of our ſouls, with this cooling *Julip* put out the fire of our Concupiſcence, with this *Opiate* deaden and ſtupifie our enraged affections.

Good and evil, like fire and water, have repugnant qualities, will not body together, but like an Exhalation, break.

6. How then can we contemplate

plate our Creatour as a pure Eſſence, but we muſt abominate our own beaſtiality? How can we remember him as a juſt Judge, without trembling at the Bar of his Juſtice, and putting in the merits of our Saviour, as our ſureſt Plea? Or take in *Ideas* of an all-ſeeing eye, without ranſacking the inmoſt Cells, and *Meanders* of our hearts, for the caſting out thoſe Devils, thoſe Impieties that have lain ſo long leiger? They muſt be thus exorcis'd before we can faſhion an entertainment, garniſh the beſt lodgings in our ſouls, give a reſpectful audience to thoſe tutelary Angels, to that *Legatus à latere*, Chriſt Jeſus himſelf.

In the Reign of *Tiberius* it was judged an heinous crime in *Paulus* the *Prætor*, for taking a Chamber-pot in his hand, when he wore a Ring that had the Engravement of *Cæſar*.

7. It muſt needs then be an offence of a deeper die (after we have once lodged God in our hearts) inſtead of *Myrrh* and *Caſſia* (incenſe of a pure life) to make him nauſeate thoſe dwellings with the ordure and filth of corrupt affections.

This is a *Catholicon*, a Medicine for all diſeaſes. When we are entangled with macerating cares, the thoughts of a true and powerful friend clears the mind of its diſturbances, builds a confidence in us equal to a victory: ſo though misfortunes, like violent Surges, rowl in upon us; yet if the Heavens be ſerene, that we have but a gleam of our Maker, ſuch beams, ſuch coruſcations iſſuing from his grace, diſpel all Miſts and Fogs that incurtain our ſouls, brighten every affliction, make every wound and ſcar received in his warfare, marks of honour and beauty.

8. The

8. The Ancient *Hebrews* would memorize on their Gates and Porches, the favours the Lord had been pleaſed, at any time, to confer upon them. Such gentle dews of acknowledgment, exhaled from us by God, are ſhowred down in whole *Cataracts* of Love and Bounty. If ſuch gratitude in Heaven, that *a cup of cold water given in the name of Chriſt*, uſhers in a ſure *Reward*; ſhall we, who have not activity to inſpirit the meaneſt action without the Maſter-ſpring of God's Omnipotent Power, ſatiate our ſelves with the affluence his goodneſs affords us, and not give a retribution of thanks? Shall he, that formed all, find only a repugnancy in him, whoſe reaſon (as an Heavenly Intelligence) ſhould ſit on the Sphere of his active abilities, to give them perfect motion.

Remember

Remember now thy Creatour.

9. This the *Perſian Decree* that cannot be reverſt, the firſt word of command given unto the Young Souldiers, fighting under the Banner of the Church Militant. This ranks our thoughts and affections, that they run not into diſorder. Theſe few words makes us, more than *Archimedes*, to take the tranſcendent height of Heaven; and though but a ladder of few rounds, yet when we aſcend the uppermoſt ſtep, our heads are reared above the Clouds, where we look upon the great *Magnifico*'s of the World, as ſo many Anticks below us, dancing Galliards to no better Muſick than what pleaſure and vanity, as ſo many deceitful Syrens, ſing us.

10. Is it not time therefore to ſound a retreat to ſuch, that run a full career in purſute of their own vanities,

vanities, with this excellent piece of Scripture?

Remember now thy Creatour.

Let ſuch learn to put by inſinuating pleaſures with that brave reſolved anſwer, *Hippolitus* gave to the inchantments of an alluring Syren,

Procul impudicos corpore à caſto amove
Tactus——

Shall we throw the remembrance of him behind us, who made himſelf the Pattern to mould us into ſo enamouring a ſhape; whoſe hands (as Saint *Baſil* hath it) were to man as a Womb, enobled that ſhape with a ſoul (though clogg'd with the rags of fleſh,) journies from Eaſt to Weſt, rides about the Circumference, deſcends to the Centre, aſcends to the top of the Univerſe,

Univerſe, poſts from Earth to Heaven in a moment.

11. And when (like fooliſh School-boys) we had robbed God's Orchard of that Fruit impaled with his own mandate, and ſo heaped coals of fire upon our own heads; though by this we had ſunk our ſelves to the loweſt abyſs of miſery, yet would he not (like friends that take their farewel with our felicity) leave us forlorn; but rather than we ſhould eternally periſh, and ſo cancel the benefit of our Creation, tore a limb of the Diety, made a divorce between God and God, betwixt himſelf and his beloved Son, that he might be a Sacrifice for ſo grand an offending. When he had thus repaired the old defacements cauſed by *Adam*, new minted, coyned us full of Glories, ſteering us from a troubled Sea into ſafe harbour, this Watch-man that ſlumbereth not, ſtill kept Sentinel

tinel knowing, the ſtorm being once allay'd, we would put our weather-beaten Veſſels to Sea again.

12. This not all (though ſufficient to engage our remembrance) but every Creature (the riches of Nature) made by the hands of the Almighty, kneaded of the ſame Elements, and only beholden to man for their names, are ſo ſubſervient, as to pay themſelves to him, as conſtant Tribute. I need not take care to put more weight into God's ballance, when the leaſt mite of his favour will at any time turn the Scale of our beſt deſervings, but joyn wonder with the Pſalmiſt, *What is man that thou art ſo mindful of him, or the Son of man that thou ſo regardeſt him?*

But let us not, *Fata fugiendo in fata ruere*; while we hale off the Sands, fall foul on the Rocks; to prevent a forgetfulneſs of our Maker take ſuch boldneſs with this

Super-

Superſpiritualis ſpiritus (ſtiled ſo by *Damaſcen*) as one friend will with another. The Effigies of him, whoſe endeerednes to us hath merited ſome extraordinary value, is commonly drawn in the livelieſt colours, ſet in the moſt obvious and eminent place, that we may enjoy a living ſhew for a dead ſubſtance.

13. But this great and terrible *Jehovah*, glorious in his incomprehenſible Attributes, whoſe ſacred name I adore afar off, not daring to approach but with a proſtrate countenance, much more with a rude Pencil venture at his Dimenſions, who is great without quantity, and good without quality; can he be circumſcribed with lines, whoſe Centre is every where, and Circumference no where? Who ſpans the Poles with his fingers, and holdeth the whole World in his fiſt? Shall fading colours ſet forth the glory

glory of his countenance, *who is cloathed with light as with a garment?* With what eyes ſhall we behold this *Father of light*, when the face of his ſervant *Moſes* carried too radiant a luſtre for the Iſraelites to behold without a darkning Veil?

14. Nay, by what meaſures ſhall we eſtimate the Creatour, when the Creature it ſelf, the Sun (a Creature without ſo much as Vegetation) appears too reſplendent for the eye of man to fix on without dropping a tear, as a repentance for his boldneſs? But then let not ſullenneſs have that predominancy over us, becauſe we cannot ſee beyond our Horizon, have a full draught of his ineffable Majeſty, refuſe to know ſo much as we can. Without unravelling the ruffled skein of the Trinity, we may comprehend that, which may be the material cauſe of our ſalvation. To remember him as our Creatour, and (in the

the acceptance of his Son's merits) our Redeemer, as one *that by day goeth before us in a pillar of a cloud, and by night in a pillar of fire*, is a Sphere large enough for man's narrow ſoul to Intelligence.

To make this a Compleat Chain, we muſt add another link to it; *In the days of our Youth.*

Remember thy Creatour, in the days of thy Youth.

15. That eaſily rated to us we commonly ſtrike into a bargain, not omitting the Golden Opportunity of purchaſing. Can more triumphant glory, with ſuch exceeding cheapneſs, be ſet before us than this *Cœlum Empyræum*, this Heaven of Heavens, purchaſed only with the *Remembring our Creatour, in the days of our Youth?*

¶ Certainly it was a Noble ſhew to have ſeen *Rome* (Queen of the

the World) when her victorious Captains made their entry in their Triumphal Garments, crown'd with the Spoyls of Kingdoms, attended by Princes, and Potentates, Enſigns, and Trophies of their glorious Conqueſts.

16. Alas, it was but a Poppet-ſhew, at beſt but fantaſtick Pageantry, to thoſe ſuper-excellent things of the *New Jeruſalem*, which cannot be decypher'd but in part, when our bodies are glorified; becauſe we cannot ſee to the end of eternity, ſhall never be able to characterize the plenitude of its glories, and rich beatitudes; becauſe we ſhall never have experience of their termination, have that duration, that *a thouſand years are but as one day*, of ſuch an everlaſtingneſs, as that of the *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghoſt*. Merciful Lord give us that holy longing of Saint *Auguſtine*; To ſee that head which was

crown'd, and thoſe hands which were pierced, to purchaſe for us ſuch ineſtimable glories, that have an incomprehenſibility above all admiration.

It is obſerved that Saint *Paul*, after that he had been rapt up into the third Heaven, and there ſeen the wonders thereof, and heard things unutterable, put a very low valuation upon any thing that was terrene ever after.

C. 1. Since our encouragement is ſo great, our Trophies for victory over ſin and Satan ſhall be ſo full of Pulchritude, ſo glorious, let us not poſt off our repentance to a dying hour, that muſt of neceſſity be an early Sacrifice, but ſtrike while the Iron is hot, in the fervour of our Age. Though he paid ſome that came at the laſt hour, equally with thoſe who endured the whole heat of the day, and ſhewed them eminent mercy, when the crack'd glaſs

glaſs of old age hath been dropping the laſt ſand; yet know we not whether the *fatal Siſters* will draw out the thread of our life to a greater length, or that God (whoſe lenity may be abuſed) will accept our dull ſpectacle ſervices; when *the evil days are upon us*, we refuſing him the choiceſt oblations of our youth.

This portion of Scripture (pardon the compariſon) is the *Brazen Head* that tells us, *Time is.* If we have not the Wedding Garment on when the Bride-groom calls, we ſhall not have admittance into the Bridal-Chamber.

2. Such as repudiate Chriſt in the luſtre of Youth, in their Meridian of Glory, ſhall receive a retaliation, when that Vermilion proves adulterate.

Chriſt's Spouſe the Church is fair, and hath no ſpot in her, not bleer ey'd, not palſie-headed, but

comely, as the Tents of Kedar, *and as the Curtains of* Solomon. So that, if we will match with Chriſt, we muſt bid the Banns while our Roſes are fragrant; when we are young, and pulpy, that the Seal of God's Grace may ſtamp the more lively Signature on us.

When God commanded *Abraham* to ſacrifice his Son *Iſaac*, (a ſtreight command for the Father to bath his hands in his Son's gore; nay, *Iſaac* his only Son, *Iſaac* whom he loved) yet *Abraham*'s ready performance ſhall be the eccho to God's call, and will as attentively receive his orders for the ſlaughtering his Son, as his Wives *Sarah*'s for the impregnating her Hand-maid *Hagar*, as 'tis manifeſt in his early riſing to offer up this piece of himſelf, as ſweet incenſe unto the Lord.

3. Out of this old Ciſtern we may draw forth living waters, and we Children learn of this Father of many

many Nations;betimes,in the dawning of our age, riſe from our downy beds of ſin, to glorifie our Maker, and thoſe endeared pleaſures (as ſo many *Dalilahs*,)that enervate and diſable us from combating with Satan *(* that great *Leviathan)* we muſt depoſe, unthrone, before they ſubject us to a vaſſilage.

The peſtilence ſooneſt deflowers the faireſt complexion, and an inconſiderable diſeaſe in our Non-age makes the Lillies look pale and wan, blaſts the Roſes in our cheeks, and every where gives a ſallow tincture to what before appeared pure and ſanguine. Now this of the mind holds the ſame parallel with that of the body. The firſt ſtage of our life is the moſt dangerous for giving and receiving temptations: Every vice, like a Curteſan, trickt up in the lovelieſt attire, makes its addreſs, and rather than this tinſel ſtuff ſhall want vent, that ſubtle Im-

poſtor, the Devil, brings in all the Preſidents and Pleadings of Nature.

4. Speaks to us in our own Dialect, robed with the faireſt blandiſhments and graces of ſpeech; leaves out no artifice or flouriſh to make his Oratory perſwaſive; tells us, to meditate on Heaven is but a fit of Melancholly, the dumpiſh thoughts of Mortality carry a harſh and jarring ſound to our ſprightly ſpirits, ſuch wrinkled ſeverity, ſuch gray headed Meditations, knit no Roſaries, make no fit Chaplets to crown our budding Age; our Underſtanding is not yet ſetled, our Judgment but in the bloſſom; ſo great a work ought to have a ſerious and well weighed deliberation, which in youth muſt needs be diſturbed with Objects of a brighter luſtre; perſwades us only then 'twill be ſeaſonable to hang the Chambers with black, ſet up a grim Skeleton, dreſs the Cloſets and Windows

dows with bundles of Cypreſs, when the marrow of our bones is drunk up, when we have lopt off the excreſcencies of an exuberant fortune, when wearineſs and diſeaſes call froward and ſullen Age to its retirement.

5. *At what time ſoever a ſinner doth repent:* Here we have God's Word for it, that any time ſerves his turn. Why then ſhould we rifle youth of his ſolace, make meager the plumpneſs and fairneſs of our body with faſting and pennance, when we may beguile the nights tediouſneſs with revelling, and fare deliciouſly every day? Why ſhould we put on Sack-cloth and Camels hair, when we may wear Tiara's on our heads, fine linnen and a Tyrian Robe upon our bodies? rowl our ſelves in duſt and aſhes, in penitential tears, and heart breaking ſorrows; when we may lie down in beds of Ivory, bath our

Bodies in Egyptian Liquors, and beſmear our braided Locks with Nard? Why ſhould we not drown the ſound of a bold *Boanerges* (who denounces nothing but black and diſmal portents) with amorous Songs, and heart raviſhing Ditties, chaunted by Quires of beautiful Syrens?

6. Aſſoon as he hath thrown water (drawn out of the Stygian Lake) on thoſe glowing Embers, beaten down thoſe vapours that were only dancing in this lower Region, and for want of an heavenly influence could not aſcend higher, to be at a greater certainty, ſhews us all the glories of the World, carries us (according to our Saviours uſage) from the Pinnacle of the Temple, to an exceeding high Mountain, from an affection, a luſt of a leſſer growth, to one of a greater maturity; knowing that his intoxicating cup (*Philtre* like)

aſſures

aſſures him our amours, that theſe adulterate delectations ſet out in the richeſt embroidery, have a faſcination irreſiſtible: *And where our pleaſures are there will our hearts be alſo.*

Here are the World, the Fleſh, and the Devil, enough to make a riot, to beat down, to level thoſe Mounds and Bulwarks, that are ſlightly ſet up, and worſe guarded for the ſouls preſervation. *Muſæus* calls the light of *Hero* a deceitful one, becauſe it extinguiſht when *Leander*, amidſt the boiſtrous waves, had moſt need of its direction. So may it be ſaid of the vanity of this World, that 'tis an *Ignis fatuus*, a deceitful light, it leads us to Charnel-houſes and Cœmetaries, to death and deſtruction.

7. Therefore *Solomon*, that we may not be turn'd into beaſts by the Inchantments of that Satanical *Circe*, drink of thoſe tilted Lees, entertain

tain their dalliances and fawning Courtſhips, preſents us a more lovely and laſting Object, *Our Creatour, at whoſe right hand are pleaſures for ever more.*

The grave and ſtanch Councellours of *Rehoboam* (that his Reign might not be built upon a ſlippery precipice) gave him this ſound advice: *Speak kindly unto the people this day, and they will be thy ſervants for ever.* So *Solomon* with the whole Hierarchy of Saints and Martyrs, bequeathed us this excellent Principle (grounded upon experimental knowledge:) Speak heartily and fervently, unto God this day in prayer, in this *Præludium* of our Age, and he will go in and out before us all the days of our lives.

To make ſuch early proviſion is a removing the evil day far from us.

8. When the mighty *Cæſar* fell, in the morning as he enter'd the Senate,

Senate, a Book was convey'd into his hands, wherein was laid before him the whole Scheme of the Conſpiracy: but he diſpoſing of it for an Evening exerciſe, loſt the opportunity of putting by thoſe fatal thruſts made at him. *Architas* Tyrant of *Thebes*, refuſing to read a little Schedule (where, as in a Magick glaſs, he might have viewed the Pourtraictures of his Enemies, and have ſeen the face of their Confederacy) periſh'd that Evening amidſt the Delicacies of a Banquet. Thus aſſoon as we appear upon this World's Theater, God ſtretcheth forth his Scepter to call us to him, puts into our hands the *Book of life*, where, in legible Characters are delineated to us the Stratagems and Machinations of the Devil, alſo how to break thoſe Snares, deſtroy thoſe Gins and Toiles ſet for us.

9. But if we will play with Feathers

thers and Rattles, when our Salvation lies a bleeding; or, *Archimedes* like, draw circles in the duſt; we may expect to be doom'd to *Cæſar*'s fate, if not in the bud, yet when we are full blown, before our tremulous leaves ſhall fall with Winter Froſts.

Qui primò obſtitit, repulitq; malum, tutus, ac victor fuit: Shall *Seneca*, a Heathen, give ſuch demonſtration of a brave mind, and we, who have the glorious Goſpel perpendicularly ſhining on us, walk in the ſhades of death, and live as if we had not one beam or ray to invigorate us? The Naturaliſts obſerve, *Frigiditas non intrat in opus naturæ.* Whether it be a received Maxim in Phyloſophy, I'm ſure it holds in Theology. If we render God the Service of our Youth with cold and benummed hearts, it makes us rather retrogrades than advancers of our ſalvation. When we

we are compoſed of ſuch dull Materials, ſuch phlegmatick Conſtitutions, that the bright rays of the Apoſtles, the flaming Torches, thoſe Saints and Martyrs, that with *Elias* are carried up to Heaven in Chariots of fire, or thoſe cœleſtial flames of divine truth brought down by our heavenly *Prometheus*, will not light our dull matches, quicken this earthy *Compoſitum*.

10. Lord! what warmth, what animation can they receive by thruſting them into the cold and dying embers, with the aſhes of ſecurity raked over them. *Remember therefore thy Creatour* while thy vivid parts are active, while we can give our bodies a lively Sacrifice, before the Sun of our youth be ſet, or day darkned, and the North Star ſhine only in our Horizon, before the Winter of Age approaches, ſuch years, ſuch days, wherein thou ſhalt ſay, *I have no pleaſure in them.*

The

The Kingdom of Heaven muſt be taken by violence: How unfit then is decrepit Age to *Camiſado* the Devil? Who, like that Roman *Cocles*, poſts himſelf on that bridge we are neceſſitated to paſs over, makes good that narrow ſtreight that leads unto Heaven; and thoſe infirmities, that foul veſſel (our body) is then fraighted withal, ſo diſtracts and diſcourages the mind, that it knows not where to make its advantage.

The Prophet *Jeremy* tells us; *'Tis good to bear our yoke in our youth.* Aſſoon as *Sampſon*'s ſtrength forſook him the *Philiſtins* prevailed, and made a mockery of him. If *Jacob* had wraſtled with the Angel, when his ſtrength (as a fortification) time had diſmantled, he could not have held conteſt with God till the Morning.

11. The Ancient Romans would enrol none into their victorious Legions,

Legions, but ſuch as had ſtrength in ſome degree equivalent to the Magnanimity of their minds. The *Grand Seignior* (whoſe vaſt Territories his irreſiſtible hand hath made Tributary) yearly aſſeſſes his Chriſtian Provinces at ſo many young ſtriplings (when confirmed in the Mahumetan Faith, principled in the Cuſtoms and Manners of the Country) to recruit the valiant band of Janizaries. Holy Writ ſhews us the ſame care in *Nebuchadnezzar*, who culled out the towardlieſt Youths of the Iſraelites, that, by an early ſowing in them the Seeds of Idolatry, they might be choice Inſtruments for the propagating their Pagan Worſhip. And the Poets tell us, that their great God *Jupiter* would be ſerved by none, but ſuch as the young *Hebe*, and the beautiful *Ganimede*.

12. If the Glories of our blooming Age ſhall thus adorn the Throne

Throne of Princes (whom God with the *breath of his Noſtrils* can make but as *ſtubble before the wind*) Shall not then this *Tetragrammaton*, our great God for whom we want Epithets, nay, the Tongues of Angels, to give him nomination) command our attendance when clad in the fair Livery of a becoming Youth? Shall not we work with him whilſt it is day? For when the night cometh no man can work, no vigour is then left to diſſipate thoſe Clouds, no Sun to exhale thoſe Miſts and Fogs that lie on the ſurface of our ſouls. *Dum hodiè appellatur: 'Tis to day* that you muſt hear his voice. And you ſhall hear it in a ſweet Tone, ſung by God himſelf in the Quire of Heaven, with a Conſort of Myriads of Angels: *Ariſe my Love, my fair one, and come thy way.* If we were not a ſtiff necked People, a perverſe Generation; We would eccho back that

that of Iſraels melodious Chanter; *O God, thou art my God, early will I ſeek thee.*

13. *Plato* in the height of his Agony, amidſt the pangs of death, thanked the Gods, *That he was born a man, and not a beaſt, a Greek, and not a Barbarian.* But that inſenſate man, that ſtops his ears againſt ſuch heavenly Charmers, ſhuts out the Almighty, draws a Curtain betwixt God and his poor ſoul, leaſt the thoughts of Heaven damp his pleaſures, the reverence due to ſo great a Majeſty ſtrike him into an awful obedience, when the untunable ſummons of death alarum him, *Plato*'s joy ſhall be his ſorrow, wiſh that his aſhes might never be kneaded into the ſame lump, but go to a Land of forgetfulneſs. Improvident ſoul! the clear ſky of thy felicity ſhall be ſoon overcaſt; thy ſhort day will have a long night: For thy Heaven here thou

muſt have an Hell hereafter.

Cleombrotus was ſo far tranſported with reading a Treatiſe of the Immortality of the Soul, that he preſently ſlew himſelf.

14. And it is recorded by *Cæſar* in his *Gallick* War, that the bare opinion of the *Druides* (who taught that the Soul was out of the reach of Death, and that it out-lived the Bodies diſſolution) made their Followers magnanimous in warlike Atchievements, and pull'd that frightful vizard from off the face of death, which otherwiſe would have ſtopt the carier of their proweſs and gallantry. But that that made them valiant, makes thee cowardly, and (if made thy caſe) but faintly expreſt, when the Philoſopher calls it *Terribilium terribiliſſimum*, the terrible of terribles; when the Doors ſhall be ſhut, the Windows darkned, and the Curtains drawn about thee, the Mourners attending

tending thy departure, and nothing but Emblems of ſorrow and ſadneſs, and thy evil Angel (like *Brutus* ſpectre) facing thee in this thy diſmal ſolitude, and thou cry out to him, *Habe me excuſatum*; and he will anſwer thee in the Negative, *Thou muſt be ſtript of all thy Glories, of all thou accounteſt dear to thee; thou muſt to the ſhades below, and after that to Judgment.*

15. Then will the body (after that it feels the throws and pangs of Death) fly out upon the ſoul for her inbred contagion and ſentiments of impurity; and the ſoul accuſe the body for giving fuel to all intemperance, for its officiouſneſs in acting the dictates of a corrupt mind, and only agree in that they are alike miſerable.

How grievous will it be, when thou ſhalt conſider thou haſt barter'd away thy God for a trifle, ſold eternity for a moments pleaſure;

for that which *Pindarus* calls, *The dream of a ſhaddow?* And now every one of theſe Phantaſma's attend the *Exit*, and ſad *Cataſtrophe* of thy ſoul, carry a fagot to her funeral pile. Now canſt thou diſcern (to thy immenſe ſorrow) that *Ixion* like thou haſt embrac'd a Cloud for *Juno*; That thoſe Virgin faces have been *Harpies*, ravenous Birds, and that they had their Dragon Tayls under their deceitful wings; *Fael*-like they have brought thee butter in a Lordly diſh, but born a hammer in their deadly hands.

16. 'Tis the Prophet *Eſay*'s call to the regenerate man lodged in the Chambers of the Earth; *Awake and ſing, ye that lie in the duſt, becauſe the dawning of your rejoycing is at hand, that you ſhall wear Crowns on your heads, and carry Palms in your hands:* But to the unregenerate man will the call be; *Awake and howl, ye that lie in the duſt, becauſe*

cauſe the day-break of your ſorrowing draweth nigh. Then will yee cry out to the Mountains and Rocks to fall upon you, and hide you from the wrath of the Lamb.

Let therefore theſe expreſſions, which have put on mournful Robes, theſe Scutchions and Enſigns for loſt ſouls, broach our eyes, and ſoften our petrified hearts; ſting and quicken our remembrance for the works of a devout life, That we put not the conſideration of our eternal welfare, like *Joram*'s Meſſengers, behind us. No truſting to an after game, when we have but one caſt, one throw, whether we have Heaven or Hell: 'Tis odds againſt us we draw a blank, when we have but time to pull one chance out of this great Lottery, but few hours to redeem thouſands of their Predeceſſours.

D. 1. It might have been Ornamental to a Chriſtian, what dropt

from *Seneca*; *Ante ſenectutem curavi ut benè viverem, ut in ſenectute bene morerer.* 'Tis no good truſting to that we can make to our ſelves no certain aſſurance of. It was therefore Saint *Auguſtine*'s care not to venture his ſalvation (a thing ſo precious) on an *Evening Repentance.* We can promiſe to our ſelves no boon voyage, putting to Sea when our Veſſel is leaky, and weather beaten, fitter to be careen'd, than ventur'd forth upon the tempeſtuous Main.

2. What can we ſay for our ſelves, or who ſhall plead our cauſe, when the ſoul, and all her fortunes, are properly Gods by title of Creation, and we change the property of them, and make them inſtruments for ſin and Satan; when we proſtrate our beauties to our luſt, and make courtſhip and careſſes to vile affections, to rottenneſs and putrefaction, whoſe deformity

mity lies hid under a lilly'd skin ſpread over it, and ſerve God when our zeal is as cold as our bodies; when we cannot bend the knees to reverence our Maker, leſt we ſtumble to the Earth, the Tomb which muſt preſently enſhrine thoſe few duſts of ours? Though we are then free from ſome ſins (but thanks to our age for ſuch abſtinence: *Temperantia in ſenectute non eſt temperantia, ſed impotentia temporantia.)* 'Tis not that our affections are ſurfetted, that we nauſeate thoſe Cates we have ſo deliciouſly fed on; Or Saint *Hierom*'s *Surgite à mortuis, & venite ad Judicium*, knocks at the doors of our hearts, and tells us; *For all this we muſt come to Judgment*; but that our bodies are not able to go an even pace with our deſires, that they are too much enfeebled to follow the purſuit of their former vanities; Why wait we not for the

twylight to hunt the quarry of our goatish affections, but that our stock of fuel is burnt up, by too freely blowing the coals of our lust, or that Rheums and Dropsies have drown'd those scintils and sparks that were left?

3. Why Epicurize we not so much, but that there is a deficiency of heat for its digestion? Why rise we not so early to inebriate our selves? 'Tis because we have so many issues and botches (the plague sores of a debauched life) that makes our bodies *Plena rimarum*; Sieves like, they cannot hold full draughts. As the Prophet *Elisha* said to his servant *Gehazi*: *Is this a time to be taking rewards?* So, Is this a time to begin our Heavenly Pilgrimage, when all is dark about us? To begin to live, when a diseased body, a distracted mind, and unsetled estate call for reparation? When (like the devout women) we might

might have preſented to God, in the morning of our Age, gums, and ſweet ſpices of prayers and ſupplications?

Adoleſcens, tibi dico, ſurge. Now is the time that ſalvation is offered to us; when every faculty is in its moſt admirable perfection, the ſenſes moſt ſubtle, their ſpirits more agile.

4. The eye can beſt diſcern without a Perſpective, the Effigies of God in his own perſon, and all other his mighty works for the ſervice of man; The ear quickeſt hear the ſweet ſounding muſick of his word; The hands have a greater dexterity to perfume God's Altars with the Odours of Almſdeeds and charitable actions; The feet ſtrongeſt and beſt able to ſupport us to the hallowed Temple: Thus imploying our vigorous and active abilities, is a ſeeking the Lord while he is near to us. The

nature

nature of Quick-ſilver is to tremble, and be reſtleſs, till it find ſomething with which it may commix. So theſe Mercurial parts, if not ſet on work in God's ſervice, will be ſure (though to their own coſt) take imployment elſewhere. Youth knows no *Medium*; its lively Embers will be either blown into a flame of Devotion or Concupiſcence. Let us therefore tread that path figur'd out to us, take that Clue in hand to lead us through the intricate Labyrinths of a perplexed life: And, for our better direction, there are erected in holy Scripture Pyramids and Columns, ſuch ſtore of lights, as ſo many *Pharo*'s, that we may ſail on with a proſperous gale to our haven of felicity.

5. If the glorious Manſions of the Heaven, with all its ſplendid Equipage, be worth the purchaſing; Let us *Remember our Creatour*. If

at any time we *Remember our Creatour*; let it be, *Juvenili ætate*, In our roſie-morn, *In the days of our Youth.* If we will bate our ſelves ſo much of our preſent enjoyments, as to pay him *Primitias*, the ſervice of our Youth; Let it not then be a lame, or disjoynted one, leſt we be put by, as thoſe maimed perſons in the Old Law, from ſerving at the Sanctuary; but ſuch vivid, ſuch Heroick ſervices, as will not ſhame the giver, nor cauſe God to withdraw his hands from deigning them a favourable acceptance.

6. This will forward our Journey to the *New Jeruſalem*; a City that hath all peace, all joy: *Where there is no leading into Captivity, nor crying in her ſtreets. A City of pure Gold, and the Walls of Jaſper. A City that hath no need of the Sun, neither of the Moon to ſhine in it, for the glory of God doth light it:* Where we ſhall not forget him; for

for we ſhall ſing *Alleluiahs* to him: Where we ſhall not forget him; for we ſhall have ſuch glorified bodies, as to ſee him face to face without a flaming buſh to interpoſe, without meaner Objects than Saints, Angels, Cherubims, and Seraphims.

ESSAY

Essay II.

7. *De Humana fragilitate.*

Job 14. 1.

Man that is born of a Woman is of few Days and full of Trouble.

Quod natum eſt poterit mori: Every birth will have a burial. And a greater Rhetorician than *Seneca* tells us; *There is a time to be born, and a time to dye.* The hand of fate ſigns no Indulgences, reprieves not any, ſeeing all are doom'd and deſtin'd to the ſhades

ſhades of death. *Nullâ prece mobilis Ordo:* No intreaties can reverſe the Decretals of Heaven. The world it ſelf, with its reſplendent Luminaries, Sun, Moon and Stars, plead no exemption.

8. Thoſe weaker fires muſt be burnt with a more powerful one from Heaven, and every thing reduc'd to its primitive condition, to a figur'd nothing. God only that was without beginning, knows no end. All things elſe will have their calcination, will to rubbidge. That Microcoſm, man alſo (though but an Epitome of the World, yet of greater dignity than the whole Univerſe) for *Adam*'s diſparadiſing himſelf muſt have this Dilapidation.

Though the hands of the Almighty have kneaded us *(Thy hands have made me and faſhion'd me round about)* and baked theſe bodies, when inorganical, in the Oven of the Womb,

Womb, to a purity of ripeneſs, to an animation; yet our firſt ſinning hath crackt theſe Veſſels, that we moulder to duſt again.

9. Though thou haſt formed us ſo like unto thy glorious ſelf, as made *David* out of an extaſie of admiration, cry out, *I am fearfully and wonderfully made*; yet ſince we have blotted out the Inſcription of Heaven, which was ſo glorioufly figur'd on us, defac'd that noble Impreſs thou was pleas'd to ſtamp upon common clay, 'tis no injuſtice if we return to dirt again, for this Lord Paramount to change our free tenure into Leaſe hold, nay into Villenage. Since we refus'd to live in the Sun-ſhine of his favour, 'tis of our own meriting that we are doom'd to a Land of darkneſs. Though theſe earthly Tabernacles have the enoblement of being Ancient Demain, Crown-lands; yet have they no priviledge of immunity,

nity, ſhall not be freed from the common Gabels nature impoſes upon them, but have their devaſtation too. Though our *bodies* (by divine Inſtitution) *are the Temples of the Holy Ghoſt*; yet if we make them receptacles for ſin, we cannot expect leſs than a diſſolution of them. For, *The wages of ſin is death.* Every man (as *Tertullian* hath it) being *Homicida ſui*, a murderer of himſelf. Man forges the weapon, and ſin is the ſword that doth execution on us.

10. *Dari bonum quod potuit auferri poteſt.* The ſame power that caſt theſe divided Elements into one entire Building, can with the breath of his noſtrils deſtruct them again; and ſince we prove not Veſſels of Honour, will ſpeedily take the materials aſunder, and lay them in the duſt: And yet may we not with Holy *Job*) ſay unto him, *What doſt thou? For 'tis the Lord's doing, and therefore*

therefore marvellous in our eyes.

Seeing then we have pull'd this houſe upon our own heads, which if ſin had not undermin'd (though but houſes of Clay) had outbraved times dilapidation. Let us therefore be content (our own conſciences having already proved our Indictment) to hear that irreverſible ſentence paſs'd on us, which hath long ſince ſent many to the place of execution; though reprieved for a few days, yet wilt thou bring us alſo to death, and *to the houſe appointed for all living.* We muſt all back to the place whence we came, the Earth, there lie fetter'd in the priſon of the Grave, to be torn and mangled by her little Furies, fierce executioners, till our bones are pickt clean, till they have their incineration too.

11. In the ſacred rolls of Heaven we find the ſame judgment denounced againſt the heritage of the

Lord, *Thou Worm Jacob.* No higher title doth the Lord beſtow on the greateſt of the Sons of men: *For they ſhall all lie down alike in the grave, and the worms ſhall cover them.* Stoop here, and ſee the poliſhed Tomb-ſtone that's laid over us; *the worm ſhall cover us:* And read what Epitaph *Job* hath writ on it: *Man that is born of a Woman is of few days, and full of trouble.*

It had been enough to have ſaid, We are born of women, without reading to us the deſtiny of a ſhort continuance; for by that we might have ſpell'd our fleeting condition, and as in a mirrour, viewed the forms and Idæa's of our preſent ſuffrings. 'Tis neceſſary to derive our pedegree, blazen the cankred ſtuff we are made of, that we might not too much glory in a miſtaken happineſs.

12. *Corruption thou art our Father,*

ther, the worm is both our mother and ſiſter. Like the Apples of *Sodom*, we may then appear glorious to the eye, but let the finger of God touch us, and we crumble to duſt and aſhes. That ſtructure reared up of rotten and putrified timber, will have a fall, ſhall be forſaken of his ſupporters: Veſſels kneaded of friable and mouldring matter, will into fractures, cannot long body together. Of ſuch an uncombin'd Compoſition is *man that is born of a woman*, and therefore *but of few days.*

A ſhort *Requiem* did that Noble Heathen ſing to the ſoul of his endeared ſon (upon the news of his diſanimation) *Sciebam me genuiſſe mortalem:* I knew I did not beget an immortal being, that which could not die.

13. This reproves that too feminine nature of ſome, who melt down themſelves with immoderate

ſorrowing, as if they would preſerve their departed friend in the pickle of their briny tears. *Cadant lachrymæ ſed non fluant.* Some ſmall drops (as a rightful Tribute to the dead) may be ſprinkled on the grave; if not for our dear brother, yet for our diſconſolate ſouls, that have loſt the ſtart of this bliſsful *Santon* in his heavenly expedition.

That the body muſt periſh, muſt have a change, nothing more certain. Are not our ears continually alarm'd with the diſmal ſound of the Paſſing-bell? And whilſt our eyes are buſily looking on the Hearſe, and pomp that attends it, we perchance ſtumble at a grave; and they, that even now carried their dead friend to his bed of earth, may, before the Sun hath run his next days courſe, juſtle with him for a grave.

14. Worms muſt neceſſarily devour

vour us, to make room for others. For *one Generation paſſeth, and another cometh,* and that ſmall portion of turf meaſur'd out to us by the Charnel-man, we hold but for a ſeaſon, till we have forfeited our Leaſe by letting our building run to ruine, a diſſolution of our ſelves.

Then we, and the Grave, carry but one Complexion; the Sons and their Mother Earth alike featur'd, the guildings and flouriſhes of Nature being quite erazed out of us: ſo that ill-favoured *Thirſites* appears as lovely as *Adonis*; *Cleanthes* a poor tankerd-carrier, as wealthy as *Cræſus*: for the Mouthes of both are filled with Duſt. *Pompey*, that would admit no equal, hath here no inferior: for Duſt hath no pre-eminence, ſhews no Acts of Royalty, diſplayes no Enſigns of greatneſs. Our Beautys (if we have any ſuch light thing to glory in) will become as Dirt, and our very

deformities heightn'd to a greater deformity, the vileſt of putrefaction. What Statiſt, by the help of his inſpections, can reſolve this to be Duſt Imperial; diſtinguiſh that which ſate on a Throne, from that which wearyed out it ſelf in a Spittal?

15. What Anatomiſt, or Critick in Phyſiognomy, dare (by making inquiſition on a Skeleton) truſt to the Symmetry of thoſe diſguiſed parts, averr, here lie the ruins of Beauty, there the rubbidge of uncomelineſs? What Claſſis, what Synod, what General Council can, by winnowing or ſifting the Duſt of the Grave, ſay, this is believing Duſt, that Atheiſtical? Such ſuddain revolutions will the coldneſs, and chillneſs, and darkneſs of the Bed of Earth work in us, when once laid up in it, that we are not only loſt to our ſelves, but to thoſe that ſucceed us. Can the Eye of *Auguſtus*

guſtus Cæſar light us to his neglected Urn, which, before Death had eclipſed, ſhot ſuch ſcorching Beams of Majeſty, that, like the Sun 'twas ſaid to dim the ſight of his admiring Subjects? Or that ſilver-tongu'd *Tully* tell us where we may rake up his diſparkl'd aſhes?

16. No Inquiſition will the Son of *Sirach* have in the Grave. If thy charitable Friends be diſpos'd to pay thee an anniverſary mourning, it might prove difficult finding out thy Sepulchre: envious Time hath blotted thy Epitaph, crackt thy Tomb-ſtone, perchance diveſted thee of that upper Garment, and pieced it to ſome remote building. Allow it appear in legible Characters, we cannot ſay this Duſt belongs to thee; ſome latter Friend may be there ſince interr'd; the Charnel-mans Shovel may by digging too neer, pare thy Sides, throw the into the neighbouring Grave: or

the Earths little Cannibals, in their Careſſes and Frolickings, drag thee out of the Chancel into the Church-yard, or high-way, or feed on thee in thine own Grave, and ſpew thee forth in another. Hard finding thy Grave then, but harder finding thee in thy Grave, and hardeſt finding any piece of thee entire; if Sainted, not ſo much as to make a Relicque of. So many mutations, tranſmigrations, will theſe Raggs of Fleſh receive in a few Centuries of Days, aſſoon as in *Luſtres*, or *Olympiads*.

E. 1. This then ſhould teach them who do *Turgeſcere faſtu*, ſwell with a Tympany of Pride, and ſelf conceit, that they deſpiſe not their poor Brother. *Did not one faſhion us both in the Womb*? Shall we then account him inglorious, whoſe Roofe is not ſeiled with Cedar, nor painted with Vermilion? Why, *he that hath ſwallowed down Riches ſhall vomit*

vomit them up again; and thoſe ſtately Palaces, erected as ſo many laſting Pyramids to perpetuate our Names and Memories, are but Caſtles built in the Air: For when Death hath ſealed our *Mittimus*, we ſhall no more to our Houſe, *neither ſhall our place know us any more.* So that we might take up that of *Eſau* (though more juſtly) *Lo I dye, and what good will my birthright do me?* Such embelliſh'd Manſions, when the Edifice of our Fleſh ſhall ere long be diſmantl'd? Such Hydropick deſires of Gold, when we our ſelves ſhall become Droſs, or (according to the Prophets embaſement) *reprobate Silver?* How far can Preferments ſtead us, when Death ſhall cut the Spurrs of Knight-hood off our heels, degrade us of all our Honours, level us with the Earth, nay ſink us lower then the Duſt we tread on?

2. *Philip* Monarch of *Macedon* falling in the Sand, and ſeeing there a perfect draught of his Body, cryed out, upbraiding his inſatiable Ambition; *O ye Gods, we think the whole Univerſe too little for us, and behold how ſmall, and minute a part ſerveth.*

In the Days of *David* a ſhort Arithmetick would have caſt up the Years of Man, and how many Ages have ſince ſpent themſelves to bring about this declining one, this laſt quarter? No *Methuſalems* in theſe Days: for as the World that encircles us, wears, *waxing old as doth a Garment*: So this Microcoſm, this little World Man muſt wear. We cannot fetch out the Steps of our Grand-ſires, their Shields, and Launces, are too weighty for us to manage. One of their Monuments, where they allowed themſelves but Elbow-room to lye, if deſtructive time hath not levelled

led its ſtatelineſs, and luxury, with the Earth (for the *Mauſolea* themſelves ſhall be entombed too in the common Grave) would ſerve now to hide a whole Family of ours.

3. To our Pygmy growths our Years then muſt be proportionable: Our abode here ſhorter than a peregrination. Tho we paſs by thoſe Iliads of Dangers that obviate us, and burn out to the bottom of the Wiek, dye in our ſocketts; yet deduct ſo many Years for our declination ſince thoſe more durable ones, and almoſt one half of that abbreviated time for Sleep (the Hand-Maid of death,) how inconſiderable, when caſt up, will the *Summa totàlis* be that we have to live? How ſhort our continuance? If they were but Sojourners when the World was in the Meridian of his Age, in its greateſt Stature, what a haſty tranſition do we make in its ſetting, in its decrepitneſs.

As

As if we came to give the World a viſit, and, in ſcorn to its miſerable ſhortneſs, bid a farewel to it.

If Life was but a ſhadow when God darted on them the rayes of his glorious Countenance, and held Dialogues with the Sons of Men, how far diſtant are we (that refuſe to come into his preſence) from the ſubſtance?

4. If our Life in thoſe large ſtriding times was but a Span long, how ſhort are we now of that Span? And if God doth not alarm us to Judgment, that a few Ages more ſucceed ours, their being will be ſo fleeting, ſo voluble a duration, ſo ſhort, ſo inconſiderable, that they will not know how to entile it. Even now we attribute too much by calling it a continuance, having already, in the way to that general diſſolution, ſuffer'd ſo much change, but that the precedent Words check the loudneſs of the phraſe: Tis but ſhort, but

but a few Days. *Man that is born of a Woman is but of few Days.*

He that lives longeſt hath but his Term, his being here is but as a Thought preſently ſhoulder'd out by another. The Flower we know (though more gorgeous in attire than *Solomon in all his Glory*) in the morning is by the Suns vigor raiſed out of the Bed of Earth, diſplays her Colours, and in the evening ſickens, and dyes. Yet Man is no other; ſometimes leſs conſiderable, riſing with the Sun, and ſtays not his ſetting.

5. How great a part of mankind from their Mothers lying in, date their laying out? deliverd by the Hands of the Midwife, from the Mantles and bloody coverings of the Womb, to be ſealed up in a winding-Sheet, poſt from one Grave to the other? How many (with the Babes of *Bethlehem*) ſee the World, without continuing ſo long,

as

as to underſtand what they ſee, or, if they know it in the beſt of content, conclude it not to be worth the knowing, if but for its ſhort continuance? How many before they arrive to that perfection Nature deſigns us (the beauty, and ſtrength of Youth) are often ſo debilitated, that for want of Strength expire?

How few make their perambulations till they feel the decrepitneſs of old Age kicking up their Heels; or if the Thread of their Life be drawn out to a more unuſual length, yet is it but a laſſitude, a Province of Labour and Sorrow; every Minute expecting when Death ſtrikes at the crazy Doors of their Bodys, the Damps that they carry about them, making their Taper all that time burn Blew, ready to extinguiſh.

6. That Death ſhall unbody our Souls, take down theſe tapeſtry Hangings of Fleſh, ſtrip us to the Bones,

bones, what's more, incinerate, Calcine thoſe very bones, diſtracts not reaſon; ſince there is a neceſſity for all men once to dye: *Mors neceſſitatem habet æquam, et invictam.* But that we ſhould untimely dye, and, which is more admirable *Non admittere mortem, ſed attrahere*; Make our hands (the Bodyes carefull Conſervators) our own Executioners, is a wonder too tranſcendent. When a healthfull compoſure intends us for a longer time, precipitate our ruine, dig our own graves; as if we conceited a greater miſery in living then *Job*, or to lay violent hands on our ſelves were (after the Roman garb) to deck our heads with Garlands and Trophies for the conqueſt over our preſent ſufferings.

7. The two main Columns that ſupport mans life, are heat and moiſture: If there be an exceſs or deficiency in either, this ſtately *Co-*

loſſus

loſſus becomes irreparably ruinous. But if we were ſuch perfect Naturalifts, as to acquaint our ſelves with the right conſtitutions of our bodyes, and had an obſervant will to act according to the dictates of our knowledge, by meaſuring out ſuch a temperament, that the heat be not cooled by an exuberancy of moiſture, or too thrifty allowance for it to feed on, our lamp might burn with a greater Nitor, a more laſting Clarity. But ſuch things, are we born of women, either to know ſo little, or, which is worſe, make not practical what we do know; that either with exceſſive ating cloy we that heat, make it unfit for digeſtion, or throw too much drink upon thoſe glowing embers, or elſe frying up our marrow, emptying our veins to fill the exorbitant deſires of our luſts, we are hurry'd to our laſt ſleep many decad's of dayes ſooner then

if

if we meaſur'd out every thing *æquâ lance*, with the hand of Mediocrity. No marvil our day is ſo ſoon clouded, our tale ſo ſoon told, our Pilgrimage ſo ſoon terminated: for not only Nature intends us a quick diſpatch; but we muſt needs ſteal a Thief into our farthing candle, mend the ſwift pac'd ſand that meaſureth our time, by ſhaking the glaſs of our life into quicker motion: Like that exquiſite Limner who cut a viſible line through that ſmall one coppied out to him by his competitor.

8. We have but one paſſage that leads us into the world, and that a ſtrait one: For we come like *Rebeccha's twins*, ſtrugling, and ſtriving for our admittance; but death hath bands of Executioners in a readineſs to give us our paſſport. Though there is but one poſtern that leads us out of the land of the living, *Death*, yet ma-

ny are the wayes trod out to it.

Mille modis lethi miſeros mors una fatigat.

Some foot it by thoſe leſſer paths of Agues, and Colds; Others ride the beaten and trodden wayes of Surfets, and Feavers; Others the common rodes, and high ways of Peſtilence, and the Sword. At this Centre, Death, all lines meet, all rodes give up their paſſingers: and when we have diſcharg'd our Bill of fare, paid Nature her arrears (for we have been dying even from our infancy) *veſtigia nulla retrorſum*; We make no return. *The eye of him that hath ſeen me ſhall ſee me no more.*

9. Though we have our *Magna Charta* confirm'd to us by the king of Kings, and Lord of Lords, of a Sovereignty over the Creatures, as is acknowledged by the Pſalmiſt, *Thou*

Thou haſt put all things in ſubjection under his feet; Yet there is no creature ſo contemptible, but may have a time to triumph with the ſpoyls of his Lord.

Præſentemq; viris intentant omnia mortem;

Every thing menaces diſtruction, hath an Invenom'd arrow ready to let fly at us. The Fates could ſtring their Bow with one ſingle hair, when they ſent a death to *Fabius* a Roman. A fly was wing'd with Deſtiny, when it choakt *Adrian*. *Ariſtides*, after he had eſcaped the furies of men and ſavager beaſts, had the thread of his life ſnagl'd in two by the bite of a Weeſel. A Gnat, or Emmet, can as well lay us in the duſt as an Elephant.

10. An Ear-wig (when ranſacking the Cells and private chambers of our brain) ſtings us as deadly

as a Scorpion. A ſmall fiſh-bone deſtroyes us (as it did once *Tarquinius Priſcus*) ſooner than a ſhark, or Sword-fiſh. A pin may give *Lethale vulnus*, a fatal wound (if ſharpn'd with the anger of Heaven) as readily as could *Ajax* ſpeare: And this confirm'd in the mournful ſtory of *Lucia* ſiſter to the Emperor *Aurelius*, who innocently ſporting with her infant, receiv'd a ſmall prick in the breaſt with her Needle, and through that ſmall loop-hole preſently death diſcharg'd it ſelf upon her. God out of a little Orifice can give our vitals paſſage, and our ſouls can as eaſily ſally through Chinks, and Crannies of our bodyes, as if it had doors, and gates to let it forth. Add then theſe caſualties (from which no one purchaſes a Patent of exemption) to the natural infirmities of our body's (which are *wounds, and bruiſes and putrified Sores*) and our fooliſh

fooliſh propenſity of imping thoſe feathers, that of themſelves are wing'd ſtrong enough to carry us to our long home, and we muſt neceſſarily conclude our emanation from the priſon of the womb, to *Golgotha*, the place of execution, to be inconſiderable, ſo inconſiderable, as to have no continuance.

11. Is our time here but of ſhort continuance? Then is it high time to trim our lamps. *Rogus et urna meditanda.* Set before our dreaming fancies our Pile and Pitcher, and every man ſay to his improvident ſoul, what the Prophet did to King *Hezekiah*; *Put thy houſe in Order for thou ſhalt ſurely dye. Quamdiù? Cras quare non modò finis turpitudinis meæ* Saith St. *Auguſt.* How long will ye reſiſt the holy motions of repentance, and cry out to morrow we will purifie our ſouls *with ſnow-water*, when before the day cometh, they may be drown'd, ſwal-

low'd up in their own pollutions. Let nothing therefore hinder thee to pay thy vowes in due time, and not at the veſpers of death, when thy Malady and buſie care to leave a calm and quiet eſtate to thy haſty ſucceſſors, diſtract thee in thy accounts to God.

12. The womb was our tiring room to put on the habiliments of the fleſh. The world is our tiring room to deck, and apparel our ſelves with the rich robes of righteouſneſs. And we know not how ſoon the loud Muſick of the laſt Trump will ſound us forth, to ſhew to the all diſcerning eye of Heaven, whether we have acted to the life Comœdies of pleaſure, and ſenſuality, or Tragœdies of ſorrow, and compunction for ſin; whether we have chanted wanton layes, and amorous ditties; or Canticles, Hymns, and ſpiritual ſongs.

Omnem

Omnem crede diem tibi diluxiſse ſupremum;

Let us with the Poet conceit every day to be our laſt, and with that Heathen *Seneca*, *Efficere mortem, ſibi familiarem*; Make death our daily companion; ſo to prepare, *Ut Moriantur ante nos vitia*; That our ſins give up the Ghoſt before us: For in our laſt ſcene they will ſhift their robes, and (to our great Conſternation) all appear dreſt in their true deformities.

13. When this Purſuivant (Death) hath thus attacht the unregenerate man, what hath pride profited him? Or what good hath his riches, with his vaunting, brought him? Then if he had the whole world at command he would take up the Devils phraſe, *All this will I give thee* to reprieve me but a few days, that I might file off my

ruſt, burniſh my ſelf for Heaven, cleer my freckl'd ſoul of thoſe Morphewes, and ſtains, that preſent her uncomly in the ſight of her maker.

Deſine fata deûm flecti ſperare precando,

But alaſs intreaties avail not any thing; no deprecating fate; tis not our importunate whining can alter the decrees of Heaven. Think not, becauſe, when God decreed *Hezekiah* a preſent death, upon his humble petition he reverſt that heavy ſentence, and commanded the Sun for a ſign to go ſo many degrees back in the Diall of *Ahaz*, therefore that he will do ſo for us. Let us not be deceived by expecting an Injunction from the Chancery of Heaven. The *Egyptians* found it experimentally true, that the Goddeſs of Deſtiny ſpared none, no not the

firſt

firſt born in *Pharohs* Court, therefore they built her no Temple, offer'd no Sacrifices to her.

14. *Non Torquate genus, non te facundia, non te*
Reſtituit pietas ———

It matters not whether we are of the *Fulian*, or *Claudian* family, no embelliſhing of perfections, no ornaments of Nature, no ſanctity of life can priviledge us from the grave: for every man hath his appointed time, and that a ſhort one, and as if that were not enough, a miſerable one too. The Prophets have foretold it, the Apoſtles reveal'd it, every day, every hours experience confirms to us, *Man that is born of a woman is but of few days, and full of trouble.*

15. What? To be of few days, and that full of trouble. We ſhould rather have thought, that the brevity of mans life had been remunerated

rated with all ſolace and delight; the few ſteps we tread had been on the fragrant Carpets, of roſes, and violets, than, inſtead thereof, to find a repletion of ſorrow, ſuch ſorrow as will keep pace with our being; though an unbidden gueſt, attend us, till we are entombed in our mother Earth.

15. *Job* thought it too hard meaſure (though he let it not go unrepented of, ſitting in ſackcloth and aſhes) when out of the bitterneſs of his ſoul he expoſtulated with the Almighty; *Are not my days few? Ceaſe then, and let me alone, that I may take a little comfort.* This was but a fallacious argument. If he had chang'd his note it had been more tunable. *Are not my ſins many? Why then is the rod of affliction laid ſo gently on me?* Why ſhould the avenger of all things ceaſe from puniſhing me, when I ſtop not my Career in offending? How can I with confidence beg

beg any boon at his hands, when I vouchſafe him not a retribution of thanks? Our afflictions are no compenſations for ſins paſt, but ſometimes given us as a makebate betweene us, and our indeered amours, to divorce us from the gayeties, and Utopian felicities of this deceivable world, which (like the Panther) pleaſes at diſtance with a perfum'd breath, but in their embraces murder us.

16. The carefull nurſe imbitters her nipples with Worm-wood, that the Infant may nauſeate the teat, and feed on ſtronger nouriſhment: God deals with his children, Antidotes the poyſon, by ſowring the pleaſures of this world, making our honours and luſhious delights pall'd and inſipid; rubbs off the varniſh, and ſhews their deformity, that we may no longer be Inamorato's of them.

Why then ſhould we wrack, and torture, our inventions to acquire that

that which beggers us? Build steps, and stairs, to mount us on the Terrace of a greater misery? (Tis St. *Basils*) *Duriorem carcerem præparamus*: by enjoying the opulent things of this life, we fortifie our prison, lay another coat of dirt upon our Souls, which hinders the beams of our Creator from irradiating them. There is nothing that in our esteem merits the name of good, but hath an allay, a checquering of sorrow.

F 1. We know the purest glasses will have their dews, their tears hanging on them; the brightest felicity its dropping cloud, an opacous body of discomfort; and pleasures themselves will destroy us before enjoyment, if plentifully pour'd out. Our souls are so shallow, that they will be soon surcharg'd, if they come towards us *velut agmine facto*, in too violent a source. *Pliny* reports that *Chilon* the Philosopher in embracing

embracing his Son(having a Crown of Laurel beſtowed on him at the Olympick games)with a ſurfett of joy preſently expir'd. So did *Marcus Iuventius*, when the Senate deſign'd an ample honour for him. What pleaſure can we expect, what truſt repoſe in any thing that is under the Sun?

Quos fælices Cynthia vidit,
Vidit miſeros abitura dies.

Miſerable *Job* reads here miſerable mans fortune, and in the glaſs of his own infelicity (the Devil laying the Scene for his tortures) could cleerly ſee to ſet us this Elegiack dirge, full of miſery. We have not one appellation in ſcripture (when diſſected, untwiſted by the *Rabbins*) that we find any thing to glory in.

2. In *Adam* we are call'd Red earth, which holds complexion with

with thoſe ſpurious bratts hatch'd by us (our ſins,) they *are as red as Scarlet*: and if the ſwarthineſs of our diſcolour'd ſouls gives leave to bluſh at them, then do we keep to our dye too. Sometimes we are called *Iſh*, but a ſound, and that properly enough; for we come Crying into the world, ringing loudeſt peals of complaints, when our voice is inarticulate, unexpreſſive: And we may be compar'd to a ſound, a voice; for that is ſoon ſent forth, and aſſoon loſt. You ſee then, we have not our names for nought. God will not enoble with a ſplendid title that which deſerves ſo much embaſing.

3. Indeed our preſent tribulations are as a thouſand witneſſes to aſſert this truth,

Quocunq; aſpiciam, Quocunq; lumina vertam;

We cannot look upon any thing

thing, but what appears with a a clouded face. Let us take our riſe from our entrance on this ſtage of life to the ſhutting up our laſt Cataſtrophe, and we ſhall appear Actors in one continued Tracœgdy. No ſooner bolt we out of the womb (for we come head-long into the world, which ſhews our giddineſs and innate love to it) but we find an entertainment ſo cold, that we are fain to warm us with our own tears, and our ability ſo faint, ſo uſeleſs to adminiſter relief to our crying neceſſities, that our little Organs are preſently ſounded to implore a neceſſary aid, our legs too weak to underprop the ſmall burden of our bodyes, our hands not ſtrong enough to reach us ſuſtenance; and ſhe that landed us in this vale of miſery could not keep us from going affoon out of it, if the arms of a ſtranger did not reprieve us from the grave. All that time we are led

led and directed by Tutors, and Governors, reckon our ſelves under the rod of perſecution, *differing nothing from a ſervant, though Lord of all.*

4 And no ſooner arrive we to compleat man, but emulation boyls within us to ſuch a tumour, that we envy, and hate, thoſe we ſee move in an higher Orb; and think our condition but Heremitical, becauſe the ſeat of our Sovereignty is not built high enough, to give us proſpect over our Neighbours. Under this Torrid Zone of our age, in theſe diſtempering dog-dayes, our deſires are ſo exorbitant, affections ſo diſproportionable to the dictates of reaſon, that while wandering through innumerable Labyrinths of care and trouble, truſting to the Clue of our own fanatick ſpinning, we loſe our ſelves, and ſeldom attain to that our betraying fancy reach'd at. What though we

we crown our endeavours with a ſought for ſucceſs, the felicity of our enjoyment, in a juſt ballance, will weigh too light, if ſet againſt the harraſſing of the body, and wracking of the ſpirits in procuring it? So that this florid part of our life, if compar'd to the other extreams of age, appears to you at firſt with as great a difference, as the Sun in its pride to a day of clouds. Yet upon a due calculation we have as many Halcyonian dayes under either Polar Star, as under the Eccliptick of our youth.

5. Having now cut the line, ſailed through this dangerous paſſage, I ſhall lead you into a more temperate Climate; but there we make no long progreſſion, enjoy only ſome few lucid Intervalls: For before we can purifie our blood, poyſon'd with the ſins of our youth, bring back our ſtraying fancies, recompoſe the diſtempers of our bo-

dyes, settle the Vertigo or giddiness in our brain, the Winter Quarter of age approaches, disparkling such cold influences, that the warmth of our breath hath not vigour enough to thaw the Isicles that hang on those few hairs, our many sins could spare us. *Tum quicquid ætatis retrò est, mors tenet*; Death makes one in this last Scene, journeys with us in these latter dayes of our Pilgrimage. So that the same may be rehearsed to us (though in another sense) which St. *Paul* preach'd to the wanton widdows, *That we are dead while we live.* Our tatter'd flesh, suppl'd with Salves and Unguents, swadl'd and held together with plaisters and trusses, like ruinous buildings with Clasps and Cramperns of iron.

6 What is it then but labour, and sorrow, and, as the wise-man renders it, *Days wherein we have no pleasure*? Though he terms them dayes,

dayes, yet are they overſhadowed, in which we enjoy but a twy-light, the ſable Curtain more than half drawn about us; our Candle all that while blazing in the ſocket, giving more of ill ſavour, than light; So that we are not only a burden to our ſelves, but an offence to others.

Rarum eſt felix, idemq; ſenex.

If we did but curiouſly ſcan the diſtempers incident to each period of our life, and what a Symphonie there is in the whole to compleat our ſorrow, ſo that though we ſhift the Scene from our Infant Morn to the Solſtice of our age, that to our declination, 'tis rather *a malo ad Pejus*, not to better our condition, but preſent it more diſconſolate.

7. Good reaſon have we then, being men of like infirmities, at this grand Inqueſt of mans mortality,

to give in with *Job* the ſame verdict, though he as our foreman (for his experience) ſpeaks for us: *Man that is born of a woman is of few dayes and full of trouble.*

Since a fullneſs of trouble co-habits with us in theſe earthly Tabernacles, 'tis our happineſs that our leaſe is of no longer continuance. Seeing here we float upon a *Mare Mortuum* of miſery, it may comfort us that we are not far from the ſhore. If Heaven had granted a longer Term, it had been but to be longer miſerable. For holy *Job* obſerves; *While the fleſh of man is upon him, he ſhall be ſorrowfull, and while his ſoul is in him, it ſhall mourn.*

8. Now if we have conform'd our ſelves to Gods holy rule, whereby to ground a confidence, that Chriſt is gone before to prepare a Manſion in Heaven for us, that conſideration will alleviate the harſhneſs, and aſperity of our ſufferings,

ſweeten

ſweeten the imbitter'd cup that Nature hath put into the hand of every mortal, dull the edge of our tribulations (the certain concomitants of this life,) ſugar all our tears, ſtifle all our groans, make us with the *Salmander* live in the flames of our perſecutions, call to our aſtoniſh'd enemies for our funeral Pile, that we may embrace it with gladneſs; 'twill ſuggeſt that ere long we ſhall change theſe vile bodies (now ſubjected to the outrages of Fortune) for glorified ones, that we have not many days to paſs through this wilderneſs (inhabited with Serpents and Scorpions) where Legions of ſorrows and vexations march after us, like the terrible Hoſt of the Egyptians, before we arrive at our *promiſ'd Canaan.*

9. Though ſickneſs faſtens on us, almoſt to the throwing down of theſe mudd-walls, this tottering fabrick of fleſh; yet will it appear but as

ſweet ſlumber, becauſe of our aſſurance, *that when we are diſſolv'd we ſhall be with Chriſt*. Though our fortunes are unjuſtly ſeiz'd on to gorge the exorbitant luſts of higher Powers, and we left as trimly ſuited as *Adam* in his green Apron, yet ſhall we not repine at our chaſtiſement, ſince the king of Kings, by an Act of reſumption, takes back no more then what he formerly lent us the uſe of, and in the height of our penury ſing a *Te Deum*, knowing that God hath ſtored for us a *treaſure in Heaven, ſo laſting as moth, and ruſt, cannot Corrupt, ſo ſure as Thieves cannot break through and ſteal*. Though we are bereaved of our children (thoſe little Images of our ſelves) yet will we look up to Heaven, from whence flew the arrow of his vengeance, and appeaſe our ſorrow with *David's* Salve; *We ſhall go to them, they ſhall not return to us*. Though all the misfortunes

tunes of the world, like an inundation, break in upon our weak defence, yet this Red Sea ſhall not ſwallow us up, and as *Paul* and the reſt of the paſſingers (when ſhipwrakt at *Melita's* ſhore) boated all ſafe to land on planks and broken pieces of the ſhip; So we, when wrackt, and torn, on the rocky hearts of our remorſleſs enemies, lay hold ſome on one comfort, ſome on another to land us ſafe in our wiſhed Port.

10. Though we are beaten for profeſſing the name of Chriſt, yet let us, with *Peter* and *John*, rejoyce, that we are counted worthy to ſuffer rebuke for his name. Now ſaid *Ignatius* (the Martyr) *begin I to be Chriſt's diſciple*, when in his journey to *Rome* he received ſcorns, and contumelies, from a band of Souldiers commanded for his Convoy. We are then in higheſt favour in the Court of Heaven, our ſoul brighteſt,

when it hath *the light of his arrows, and the ſhining of his glittering ſpear.*

Curtius records of the great *Alexander*; *Semper bello, quàm poſt victoriam Clarior*; That he appear'd more Illuſtrious in the inquietudes of an hazzardous war, than in thoſe ſerene vacations that he triumphed for his glorious victories. Diſturbances, and anxieties, in our life many times put an edge on the bravery of our ſpirits, when too much proſperity becalms them. An overcaſting cloud makes the Sun of our felicity ariſe more radiant. The faireſt picture muſt be ſhadowed with the blackeſt ground-work. A Diamond emitts a more vigorous luſtre when ſet within a black enamelling: So, afflictions are the ſouls foyl's, to ſet off, and make her appear more amiable in the ſight of her Creatour.

11. We better ſee our faces in Jett than in Alabaſter; cleerer diſcern

cern what ſtains the ſoul hath contracted in the glaſs of adverſity, than proſperity. Chriſtal is too lucid, too tranſparent, gives no reflections. So honours, and earthly pleaſures, ſhed their beams, dart their rayes too powerfully, deſtroying our Souls Opticks, that we cannot perfectly diſcern our ſelves, nor God lowring on us, till they are in their declination, till they make a longer ſhadow.

Seeing then the ſorrows of this life are the trueſt glaſſes to dreſs our ſelves in, though they are burning glaſſes yet let us look ſtedfaſtly on them, and there ſhall we behold Tyara's, aud ſcepters, prepared for us. Our lamentings (by their excellent Alchymy) converted into ſongs, our Captivities into triumphs, our ignominies into Crowns and Diadems. And not like that wretched Apoſtate who forſook the frozen lake, and that glorious compa-

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ny of Martyrs, not long after to dye the death of an Infidel.

12. Though we walk upon the backs of Porcupines, the way ſet with thorns and prickles, yet is it but for a few dayes; for ere long we ſhall be at reſt in the grave. And at that great Audit, when Chriſt ſhall deign to meet us half way in the Chariot of the Clouds, we ſhall be raiſed again in the twinkling of an eye.

Though our Tombs are defac'd, our Urns kickt about, and our neglected aſhes promiſcuouſly mingled with the common duſt, yet God (that great preſerver of men) will rally every ſhatter'd limb, and pair thoſe feet that were before Antipodes, ſet every ſplinter, carefully gather every ſcatter'd Atom, put ſinewes and fleſh upon every dry bone, give to *every ſeed his own body*, to every body his own ſoul, but more refined, made more glorious:

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For in the reſurrection our terreſtrial bodies ſhall be ſublimated to a Celeſtial perfection, be like unto the Angels in Heaven, and, if that be not change enough, have an aſſimilation with God himſelf. Though nature, and her Elementary bodies, be at variance, yet there ſhall be the neareſt conjunction between God, and us: For we ſhall be married unto the Ancient of days, *And I will marry thee unto me for ever*. Saith the Prophet *Hoſea*.

13. Then Time ſhall be no more; for we ſhall be to all eternity. Faith ſhall be no more; for we ſhall have an Epiphany, a day of glorious manifeſtation of all his promiſes. Hope ſhall be no more, for there ſhall be a perpetual Jubilee, a conſtant fruition of ſuch ſuperlative beatitudes, that the tongues of Men and Angels in deciphering them ſeem but as ſounding braſs, or as a tinkling Cymbal. But love in its altitude,

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in a quinteſſential perfection, free from the violences and tranſportations, the weakneſs and imperfections, the heats and colds of our love to the Creature, which varies with its object. This not ſullyed with any mixture of malice or envy, when it beholds a Saint ſit in an higher Throne encircled with a bigger Crown.

14. If ſo many Kings and Princes threw aſide their Coronetts, and Diadems, that they might have more leiſure to contemplate the excellencies of Heaven, when their underſtanding was but weak, their love but an Embrio; If ſo many Martyrs hugg'd and kiſt their ſtakes, laid them down in their flames, as in their Marital beds, to conſerve this love, to ſecure themſelves for immortality; How bright and glorious will the flame be, when it ſhall have the fervour of a Seraphim, the purity of an Angel? When we

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ſhall ſee the Object of our love (God) with whom there is no change, or variableneſs, and ſtill deſire to ſee him. To meditate on him here, is to ſee him hereafter.

ESSAY

Essay III.

G. *De Paſſione Chriſti in Corpore proprio.*

Lament. 1, 12.

Have ye no regard, all ye that paſs by? Behold and ſee, if there be any ſorrow like unto my ſorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me, in the day of his fierce Anger.

HEre's black tinctured in the deepeſt die, words of ſuch tranſcendent Prevalency, that would make ſtubborn Rocks relent,

relent, and exact a fluency, of Tears from the ſealed up Fontanels of our Eyes. Can any Heart, (though petrified to a wonder) not break that brittle Manſion 'tis incloſed in, when it ſhall hear one ſing his own ſad Elegy, ring his funeral Peals with ſuch mournful Bells?

2. Had that Tyrant *Nero*, who ſung the Ruines of *Troy* (when inviron'd with the Flames of his Imperial City) bin a ſpectator of this Tragedy of Tragedies, heard theſe doleful Notes (clad in ſo ſad a Livery) ſo attracting Sorrow and Compaſſion, Pity would at an inſtant have Triumpht over cruelty, and made him turn convert to the higheſt Commiſeration. For who could ſtifle a tributary Groan, when he heard this dying Swan fluctuating on the bitter Waters of Affliction, without being ever after deafe? Who could with a ſupercilious look (without ſuffering an abſolute

ſolute Eccliplſe) behold ſuch innovated Puniſhments, too grievous to anſwer the fouleſt Treaſon, undergone by him who had not the meaneſt treſpaſs to account for? Or yet in this Iron-hearted Age of ours look on this ſad Lamentation (though ſuperannuated) and not ſet his ſorrow to a louder Key, then the doleful mourning of *Hadadrimmon* in the Valley of *Megiddo*?

——*Quis talia fando*
Temperet a Lachrimis?——

3. But if theſe attendants here (theſe words that wait upon this mournful piece of Scripture) move us not, or the deplorableneſs of our condition beget no emotion, yet hear his own complaint, ſounded by that golden Trumpet *Jeremiah*, we know not what an unexpected reformation it may work in us: For he that out of Stones

could raiſe up Children unto *Abraham*, and ſqueeze the hardeſt Rocks into flowing Rivers, can with the Breath of his Noſtrills mould our Hearts into the ſofteſt temper, and raiſe a right and unfeigned Lamentation; for never Words were ſpoken more emphatically, or with a truer accent of Sorrow. *Have ye no regard all ye that paſs by?* &c.

4 As petty Puniſhments become petty Offenders, ſo an abyſs of ſinning calls for an abyſs of Suffering. Tis no meritorious act in an Homicide to bow down his Head to the ſtroke of Juſtice, for he ſhall but ſacrifice it to the Blood of another: There the Law makes it compulſory, faſhions the Puniſhment to the Offence. But for the Son of God, the ſecond Perſon in the glorious Trinity, (one ſo free *from Spot or Blemiſh*, that durſt ſay to his critical Enemies, *which of you can rebuke me of Sin*) to *bow the Heavens*,

Heavens, and come down from his Imperial Throne, where he ſate ſurrounded with Saints and Angels; to approach this vile World, which was before his Foot-Stool; to put on the rags of human Fleſh, which before *was cloathed with light as with a Garment*; and from a *King of Kings* to be enrolled a ſubject, and pay *Tribute to Cæſar*; that *rid on the Wings of Cherubins*, here in his greateſt Triumph to beſtride *a ſilly Aſſe*; *that thought it no robbery to be equal with the Father, to make himſelf of no Reputation, and to take upon him the form of a Servant*; that had ſo many *glorious Manſions* in Heaven, ſo wholly to dethrone himſelf of all Pomp and State, as *not to have a hole to hide his Head in*, to be hunted like a Partridge in the Wilderneſs, betray'd by one Servant; abjur'd by another, forſaken by the reſt, and generally ſcorn'd and ſcofft at by the Multi-

tude, ſpat at, ſcourg'd, and delivered to a Death, the moſt ignominious Death, the moſt torturing Death, the moſt prolonging Death. All which ſumm'd up could not be endur'd by any, but one that participated of the Deity, or ranſom leſs than the Sins of the whole World.

5. Now our Meſſias could not have writ our Names in the Book of Life, if he had not deſcended to the ſuſception of our Infirmities. So that he was made Man to ſuffer, God that he might be able to ſuffer. Not that the God-Head was Co-partner with the Humanity, or any way attenuated his ſufferings; for that was invulnerable, impaſſible. But the Allſufficiency of the Deity ſuſtained, and ſtrengthened, the inſufficiency, and weakneſs, of the humanity. Elſe could he not have trod the Wine-preſs of his Fathers Wrath, drunk ſo deep of

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the Cup of his indignation. That which would have torn, and ſhatter'd, the beſt built edifice of Fleſh, Chriſt is enabled to undergo, that he might not give up the Ghoſt, till he hath gone through what a wrackt invention of exquiſite Tyrants could inflict.

6. But before we go up to Mount-*Calvary* (the Scene of his Tragedy) let us walk to the Mount of Olives, that from that Aſcendant we may take the better proſpect of his doleful Paſſion: There ſhall we find him labouring under ſuch an Agony, as ſhould make him ſo exceedingly ſweat, ſweat Blood, drops of Blood, and that trickling down.

Ibat purpureus niveo de pectore ſanguis.

7. No wonder there was ſuch Diſtemper in his Body, ſuch an

Ebullition of that moſt precious liquor, when God had ſent fire into all his bones. If our aſtoniſhment hath not already overſet our reaſon, benighted our ſenſes, look on him in the Judgment-Hall (though but with *Peter* afar off) yet may we be neer enough to ſee him run the *Gantlope*, his virgin body enduring ſo many ſtripes (as ſome affirm) wearied a whole band of ſouldiers.

Viſcera mortiferis tandem contuſa flagellis.

The Scribes and Elders had reaſon of ſtate to haſten his death: But that Mercenary ſouldiers (whoſe ſhort winged ſouls ſeldom ſoar ſo high as Court-Politicks, and whoſe Commiſſion we find not ſo extenſive) ſhould, contrary to the nobleneſs of their Profeſſion, act the ignominious parts of abominated Hangmen (eſpecially when the meekneſs

meekneſs of his phraſe would, like ſoftning oyl, rather Mollifie their ſtony hearts, than confirm their obduratneſs) illuſtrates Gods heightned fury to ſin, and ſo conſequently to Chriſt, then the greateſt ſinner in the world. He ſhould not ſip in the cup of his fathers wrath, being now to drink a Health to the whole world, but quaff off the very lees of his indignation.

8 He ſhall not have the liberty of *Job*, with a pot-ſheard to wipe off the excreſſency of Blood; for thoſe holy hands, that had been ſo often extended, to give comfort to his afflicted people, lifted up to his father to reach down mercies from Heaven for his perſecuting enemies, ſo Charitably diſpoſ'd to deal Almes to ſo many Thouſands, are now faſt bound, and they (who ſhould have guarded him as Prince of *Fury*, not Priſoner in *Jeruſalem*) are already voting his deſtruction in their haſty

leading him away to *Pontius Pilate* the Governor.

O hard hearted Jewes, not only cruel to your Saviour, but pittileſs to your ſelves in refuſing to be waſhed in the laver of regeneration; ſpill ſo much Nepenthe, and not cool the tip of your Tongue with one drop, make of it no cheriſhing Cordials to ſtrengthen your enfeebled ſouls; wound this Balſom tree, lance this Wing Palm, and hang no bottles to gather the diſtilling liquor, but let it fall (like a box of rich Spicknard) on a parched hearth, not to be gather'd up!

9. The morning being now come (too bright to look upon ſuch black deeds) they ſet the great Judge of Heaven and Earth to receive his Condemnation from men. Little hopes to receive the benefit of Clergy, when the High Prieſts, and whole Sanhedrim, are his Proſecutors. *Pilate* might have ſaved

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the pains of denouncing ſentence againſt him, who in his preſent ſufferings repreſented the trueſt figure of death.

—— *O quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore*——

10. But 'tis decreed this Holocauſt muſt be off'red up to attone the incenſed Majeſty of Heaven. *Caiaphas* the High-Prieſt propheſieth the ſame. Womens aſſaults many times batter down mens ſtrongeſt reſolutions. Strange then if *Pilates* wifes Petition carry not a prevailing. *Sed oportet Chriſtum pati.* The ſentence of Heaven is irrevocable; no appealing to a higher Tribunal: Her Petition then for this time ſhall be rejected; and though ſhe *ſuffer many things in a dream by reaſon of him*, Nevertheleſs (like the neglected Propheſies of the Trojan *Caſſandra*) it ſhall paſs

paſs but for a dream, to cleer a ſmall ſcruple of Conſcience. He will not enter the Liſts alone with the *Jewiſh* Nation, and ſo run into a Premunire againſt *Cæſar*.

And now no ſooner had *Pilate* made clean the outſide of the Platter (the inſide ſtill ſtreaked and purpled with the Blood of Chriſt) waſhed his hands in token of Innocency, but they preſently cry out for his Crucifying; as if nothing could rebate the edge of their craving Appetites, unleſs they carous'd full Draughts of his Blood.

O miſeri quæ tanta inſania cives?

11. They muſt needs go whom the Devil drives: ſome (whoſe Feet are ſwifteſt to ſhed Blood) are already run to the place of execution, and there proclaimed him coming. Others thruſt him out of the *Old*, and accompany him as far

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as *Golgotha* to the *New Jeruſalem*; and, inſtead of ſable Veſtments (a decent attire for a departed Friend) or the Romans ſacred *Velles* and *Infules* (mention'd by *Livy*) ſigns of ſubmiſſion, and humble demanding of Mercy, put on Crimſon Robes dyed in the Blood of Chriſt; inſtead of ſolemn Dirges, ring loud Peals of Acclamation. And they that not long before uſhered him with Triumph into the Holy City, ſinging *Hoſanna* to the Son of *David*, preſently change Note, crying, *Crucifige eum, crucifige eum.* Though he lie weltring in his own Blood, yet is he forc'd to try the ſtrength of his bruiſed Limbs, and he that (to the admiration of Beholders) reanimated the dead, and enabled them to take up their Beds and walk, muſt take up his Croſs, and walk his laſt Peregrination. For Holy Writ informs us, that Malefactors among the *Jews* carried

carried the Croſs, whereon they were to be crucified, to the place of Execution. Chriſt for the firſt Stage carried his own, which afterward with a cruel requital bore him.

12. Would not ſo nefarious a death expiate ſo ſmall a crime, ſo ſlenderly proved, have fed their meager Appetites even to Satiety, but there muſt be added to it a Ceremonious Mockery (*Bellerophon* like) bear the Warrant ſigned for his own Deſtruction, embrace that Altar on which he preſently ſhall be offered up a Victim.

Iſaac carried his own Funeral Pile to the Mountain where he was to be ſacrificed, but had a timely Reprieve by an Exchange from Heaven. It fared not ſo with Chriſt. He was ſo far from eſcaping that ſharp potion the Hand of God had imbittered, that, before he

he came to receive his grand Tortures, his whole Body was one main Wound, without the leaſt Parentheſis of Soundneſs. Never ſuch Indications of Love.

Cernitur in toto corpore ſculptus amor.

13. Every where Engravements and Sculptures the indelible Characters of his ſuperabounding Mercies.

In horribili ſtat cruce noſtra ſalus.

And now is this our immolation laid on the Altar of the Croſs: and that Man ſhould not ſurfeit to damnation by eating the fruit of *Eden*, Chriſt climbed that accurſed Tree, which bears nothing but bitter and deadly Fruit; ſo inexpreſſive, as *Cicero* undertook not (leſt he ſhould ſpill colours) to decipher the Tortures of the Croſs; elſe would not his

his exuberant Style have quitted a Subject ſo abounding with ſo few words. *Quid dicam in crucem tollere?* A bloody Tragedy muſt needs enſue where the Devil digeſts the Plot, and the High-Prieſts, Scribes and Elders are the chief Actors in it; the avenging God letting looſe, and unmuzzling the whole powers of Hell.

14. Certainly thoſe Fiends could not ſo ſoon forget the many Affronts put on their Delegates by our Saviour, as being thrown out of their poſſeſſion of Men, and glad to be humble Petitioners to have admittance into a Herd of Swine (too good a dwelling for ſuch unruly Gueſts.) Where we may obſerve, that though they at preſent could not diſgorge their full ſwollen malice, yet, to ſhew how ill they reſented this diſgraceful expulſion, threw a whole Herd of Swine into the bottom of the Sea, to provoke the

the greedy *Gadarens* to deſire our Saviour (as the Author of that Loſs) to depart out of their Coaſts. No marvel the Prince of Darkneſs endeavoured to cloud this bright Star of the Eaſt, proclaimed open War againſt the Prince of Peace. But that his Companions in the fleſh, what's more, the terrours of his Father ſhould ſet them in array againſt him! 'Twill not then miſbecome this man of ſorrows, in the height of his dolorous paſſion, to break forth into this bitter Complaint, to upbraid thoſe unrelenting Paſſengers with this (though too mild) exprobation. *Have ye no regard all ye that paſs by? Behold, and ſee, if there be any ſorrow like unto my ſorrow, which is done unto me*, &c.

15. Our Saviour's naked Body hanging now on the Croſs, modeſty for a while bids me draw the Curtain; and if you look back you will

will ſee greater things than theſe: for we have as yet but walked the round, and at a diſtance taken a ſlight ſurvey of the out-lines of this great Peice of ſorrow; but if we make a nearer approach, we ſhall find the inmoſt and more ſenſitive parts ſending forth deeper Groans, louder Outcryes.

There was *Pœna animi*, as well as *Pœna corporis*: And *a wounded ſpirit who can bear?* Elſe would he not have cryed out, and that with ſo loud a voice, before his remorſleſs Enemies (whoſe proud rejoycings were the eccho's of his Sighs and Groans) *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?* The repetition of [*God*] ſhewed the vehemency of his Paſſion, as if he felt himſelf wounded with God's wrath, and abandon'd of his own Father for our ſins: our impieties carved greater wounds in his diſconſolate ſoul than thoſe of his Body; his

his Feet and Hands were but once nailed to the Croſs, but his Soul-piercing Wounds forced a tontinued Diſtillation: for every levity he paid a Groan, and the leaſt ſentiment of ſin coſt him a ſob, a tear.

16. If Chriſt paid ſo coſtly a rate for our Peccadillo's, our Venial Sins, it muſt be keener than a two edged Sword, more loathſome than the baneful juice of *Aconite*, to ſee the Boriſh *Gergaſites* prefer the ſaving of their Swine before the imparadiſing their ſouls; the Buyers and Sellers in the Temple pollute ſo ſacred a place rather than loſe a convenient Exchange for their Merchandiſe. Could any ſorrow be like unto his ſorrow to find Unbelief, a Diſeaſe ſo Epidemical, and in his own Country, where ſo near a Relation ſhould have at leaſt paid him equal reſpect with remoter parts, there to have his Pedigree ſcornfully rip'd up, *Is not this*

the Carpenter's Son? As if God (who meaſureth not as man doth in deceitful Ballances) were a reſpecter of perſons, or he that fabricked this admired *Machine* without matter, could not Royalize with a Commiſſion the abjects of the people to act his high Commands, or (to uſe the Apoſtles Phraſe) *make known the riches of his Glory on the Veſſels of his Mercy.*

H. 1. Could any ſorrow be like unto his ſorrow, to hear *Peter* (that great Corner-ſtone) who had ſo ſolemnly promiſed to wear his Maſter's Cognizance (even to death) to diſcard him when his greateſt extremity challenged his beſt and ſtouteſt obſervance, not once, but thrice, heightened with direful Oaths, and horrid Execrations, and that to a ſilly Maid, in the preſence of his Lord & Maſter, and obſtinately perſiſt in it, till the Warning-piece went off the third time, and ſhot remorſe

morſe into him? Could any ſorrow be like unto his ſorrow, to ſee the Holy City *Jeruſalem* (the Metropolis of *Jewry*) with its Glorious Temple, now the beauty of Nations, ere long to ſuffer ſuch a Dilapidation, as not to have one Stone ſtand upon another, making good what was ſung at the Funerals of another Sceptred City;

Ruit Ilium & ingens gloria Teucrorum.

2. When *Hector*, Captain of *Troy*, was deſpoiled of his life, the *Trojans* and their City became a Prey to the Neighbouring Nations: ſo ſoon as thoſe Regicides deſtroyed their Native Prince, the Roman General both conquered and crucified them. *In verticem ipſius recurrit pernicies.* Our juſt God making the hands of Heathens inſtrumental to vindicate the cauſe of

Heaven. Could any ſorrow be like unto his ſorrow, to ſee himſelf every where beſpattered with bitter *Sarcaſms*, who ſhould have been *Deliciæ generis humani* (the Honour of the Emperor *Titus*) and a Murderer reprieved; one that deſtroyed the living, before their Chriſt who had raiſed the dead?

3. Could any ſorrow be like unto his ſorrow, to ſee the ſeduced Populacy (who ſhould have been ſo bold in the cauſe of their ſalvation, as to have vyed tears with the drops of his moſt precious Blood, tun'd their Sighs and Groans, to the loud tenor of his Out-cryes, and rivings of his Soul) careleſly paſs by ſhaking their Heads? To ſee thoſe Rabbies, the Scribes and Doctors, ſo far from applying a Sovereign Cure to their tainted Souls, that unleſs he would ſhew them another Miracle by an immediate deſcending from the Croſs, they

they would not believe? As if all thoſe mighty Works he had already ſhown, and fame had brought home from remoter parts, were clean forgot. Could any ſorrow be like unto his ſorrow, to ſee his Kinsfolks and Familiars ſtand afar off, and made ſo unfit to pay a full Tribute of Commiſeration, as that they could not with ſafety own a clouded Countenance?

4. If he eat with *Zacheus* he is accounted a Friend to Publicans and Sinners: there they unawares ſpeak truth, for he ſeeks their Converſion; *I came not to call the righteous, but ſinners to repentance.* If on the Sabbath he cures the diſeaſed, and gives them a Reprieve to complete their Calcule for that great and general *Audit*, 'tis a breach of the Law of *Moſes*. If he ſpeaks myſtically to them (by wreſting it to their own ſenſe,) form it into mat-

ter of Accuſation. When the *Tyrians* and *Sydonians* heard the Harangue of *Herod* the King, they raiſed their Notes to the higheſt Acclamations, ſtyling it *The voice of God, and not of man*: But if Chriſt embroider his Speech with Tropes and Figures, though never man ſpake as he ſpake, his Friends ſay, *He is mad*, his Enemies cry out, *He hath a Devil. O quæ mentis acerbæ mœſtitudo?* But why ſhould we wade farther in this, ſince we are no more able to fathom the depth of his ſufferings, either of Soul or Body, than S. *Auſtin*'s Child could lave out the immenſe Ocean with a little Spoon.

5. Some will ſay much may be undergone in good company; but for Chriſt (who before he aſſumed this Body of Fleſh, was a companion to the great and mighty *Jehovah*, and well might be ſo, when there was an equality of Greatneſs,

Greatneſs, waited on by Myriads of Saints and Angels) now to be placed between two Thieves, two notorious Delinquents, could not but mount his thoughts to the ſummit of ſorrow. That *Virtue* is ſeated betwixt two Evils is a Maxim undeniable, ſince 'tis ſo notably verified by our Saviour's hanging on the Croſs between two Malefactors (likely companions are theſe then for extenuating miſeries, when their natures admit of ſuch perfect contrarieties, as good and evil in their ſeveral Abſtracts) who there, inſtead of an ingenious Confeſſion, revile their Fellow-Sufferer Chriſt Jeſus with this tart Satyr, *If thou beeſt the Son of God ſave thy ſelf and us.*

6. A ſtrange Object had they found out for their ſcorn and deriſion, who was wholly compoſed of Meekneſs and Gentleneſs; but a ſtranger time had they made uſe of

to vent it in, when death had them on his Shoulders: but the one of them (to the wonderful demonſtration of the readineſs, and prevalency of his Mercies) preſently turn'd Convert, reproving his Companion; *Feareſt thou not God, ſeeing thou art in the ſame condemnation?* And in the nick of time (while the Iron of Contrition was hot) hammered ont a well form'd Petition; *Lord, remember me when thou comeſt into thy kingdom.* Words fitly ſpoken, hanging like Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver.

7. They needed not have made ſo curious a ſcrutiny for new faſhion'd puniſhments to afflict him,

——*Qui pœnis occurrit atrocibus ultrò.*

For when Vinegar mingled with Mirrh and Gall, was proffered him to drink (a favour beſtowed on ſuch

ſuch at their Crucifixion, to open the Veins, and ſo accelerate death) Chriſt would not drink, leſt he ſhould marr the whole Tragedy, by failing in the laſt Scene. Good God! if theſe be the Favours Man deals to Man, let me receive my Favours from thine own hands. From the firſt putting on the Swadling Clouts of Fleſh, he had yielded moſt acceptable Sacrifices of perfect Obedience to his Father: and therefore the horrour of the laſt three Hours Suffering ſhould not make him ſound a cowardly Retreat, and ſo fruſtrate the Decrees, and preordain'd Reſolves of the Almighty. *Perdidit vitam, nè perderet obedientiam.* He would give up his life, rather than make forfeiture of his obedience.

8. Unleſs we go beyond nature for a ſearch, the fire of the hotteſt Revenge will expire, when it hath the Blood of its Adverſary ſprinkled

led on it. But their malice rebated not with his death, but had a continuation to his Body after his high flying Soul had journied as far as Heaven; else would they not have defaced that incomparable piece of Building (glorious in it self, but more glorious in being the Sphere for this Son of God to move in) by thrusting a Spear into his Virgin Side, for Blood and Water to stream forth, too too precious to be spilt on the Ground of that most accursed Country.

9. *Timanthes* a Grecian Painter, when he was to resemble the doleful Sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, drew a sad *Ajax*, a mournful *Ulisses*, but the Face of *Agamemnon*, the Father, he veiled with a sable Curtain, as not knowing how to decipher so great a sorrow. So we may content our selves to have delineated the Bewailings of his Disciples, that received the glorious Impress

Impreſs of his Doctrine, the inward ſighs and bitter Lamentations of his Friends and Kinsfolks. But inſtead of ſhewing you his wounded ſoul, ſtabbed with our ſins, his tortured Body, ſuch Throws ſo unexpreſſive, ſuch pangs ſo unſufferable, ſomething ſhould be interpoſed betwixt your ſight and it, leſt out of a zeal to draw that to the life, we take from the State, and Majeſty of ſo true a ſorrow.

10. As the Fore-runner to the ſad Cataſtrophe of an Heroick Potentate, a blazing Comet prodigiouſly ſhakes his flaming Beard, as if it threatned to fire the lower Region to light him at his Funeral: But at ſo great and terrible a Maſſacre of him, who could bind ſuch Kings in Chains, and their Nobles with Links of Iron, could the Sun, that ſhone but at his courteſie do leſs than withdraw his Beams, leſt it hold the Candle, whilſt ſuch horrid

horrid Aſſaſſination was perpetrated on the Son of God? Or the Earth, his Foot-ſtool, to fall into a Trepidation, while it bore ſuch unnatural Inhabitants, that (Viper like) would tear out the Bowels of him, who brought Bowels of Mercy and Compaſſion to their languiſhing and Bed-ridden Souls? Since Chriſt ſhould be no more preached in the Temple, but polluted with Buyers and Sellers, rent it ſelf in twain from the top to the bottom, the Stones clave aſunder, and in their inarticulare Oratory beſpake their accurſed ruine, and our inſenſibility. The Allarm ſo great that the dead who had long ſlept, awaked, as if they aroſe to preſent him their Tombs. Every thing full of prodigy and wonder. The great Luminary of Heaven ſuffers an Eclipſe, though the Moon, not then in conjunction, but full, to the admiration of *Dionyſius*; *Aut Deus naturæ*

naturæ patitur, aut mundi machina diſſolvetur. All things in that diſorder, as if nature were diſtracted, and every thing ran back to its firſt Confuſion.

11. Thus we ſee, Sun, Earth, Temple, Stones, which are the inſenſible ſervants of Man, by their ſeveral unaccuſtomed Mutations, ſeem to have a quicker reſentment of his ſufferings than man, who alone is concerned without any Corrival.

By this time devout *Joſeph* hath begged the Body of Jeſus, and (though a rich man) ventured to ſhew his affection to him living, in a decent interment of him dead. While his charitable hands are throwing on fragrant Spices, and rich ſcented Odours, let us a little look back on that great Attribute of God (his *Juſtice*) that which here occaſion'd our attendance on this ſad and ſolemn Obſequy.

12. Thoſe Pieces muſt needs be well

well limn'd, that have the hand and care of the best Artist to figure them. *Adam* is here drawn to the life, for he is stiled the Image of his Maker; his Soul of no Elementary Substance, but the Breath of God. And this Epitome of the Creation, prelated so high above all Creatures, as they to hold in Villenage under him: and for this, exacts he but an observance to one single command; the Command high and peremptory, upon the pains of Death; the temptation languid, and faint, commended by a Serpent.

13. That he, that is thought to exceed his Successors in wisdom, and had the precipitation of the Angels, the wrackings of those glorious Vessels, as in a mirrour figured to his understanding, should (by so soon affronting his Maker) split that Ark that carried the whole fortune of Mankind, and afterwards give

give the lye to his Omniſciency, and eſſential Ubiquity, by ſhrowding himſelf in the cloſe Walks of the Garden (as if God wanted a Clue to the *Mæanders* of his own planting; or one Tree could repair what the other loſt, ſhelter him from the imminent Storms of Heaven; or that there were an Opacity in thoſe Glorious Opticks, who could ſee through the dark and diſordered Chaos; to model and rank things into a beautiful Order) and in his Epoſtulation aggravate this ſin by a ſeeming extenuation; *The woman whom thou gaveſt to be with me, ſhe gave me of the tree, and I did eat:* (As if God had laid the Scene for his Tranſgreſſion) *If I had been alone, ſteered my own courſe, I had not thus offended*, Strengthens this Bill of Indictment drawn up againſt him, and calls for Juſtice to avenge it. O Lord, how ſhall we fulfil the whole Law, when *Adam* in his brighteſt

brighteſt integrity, but newly dropt from the hand of his Maker, could not obſerve this poor Particle of it? The Spark that flies the Fire that fed it ſhall be put out. If we refuſe the allowed Delicacies of Paradiſe, nauſeate the Cates of his own planting, we ſhall earn our Bread with the Sweat of our Brows. Since we diſlike to equal the days of Heaven, we ſhall die like Men, die eternal deaths, if not expiated by the Crucifixion of the Holy Jeſus.

14. As our Impieties are tranſcendent, ſo will his Juſtice be elevated to the ſame height. Our Sacrifices muſt be adequate to the multiplicity of our Tranſgreſſions. Could man, by expoſing his own life to the fatal ſtroke of death, ſatisfie for his own offences, his debt were quickly paid, and Heaven with all its Glories purchaſed at an eaſie rate. But the only wiſe God well

well knew that the whole world of flelh, though it had as many worlds as this hath Men, and all to endure the exquiſiteſt deaths the moſt ingenious Tormenters could inflict, would not take off the intereſt of our Engagements, no, not expiate the crimes of one days offending. Let us not therefore think we are hardly dealt withal, becauſe God would not remit any thing of a due debt, but forbear giving up our Verdict, till we ſweeten our cenſures with the enſuing Mercies, which is that that next preſents it ſelf.

15. As the Mercies of God are above all his Works, ſo is this Mercy of his, in ſacrificing his only Son, Paramount above all his other Mercies. For ſince Hecatombs of Beaſts could not appeaſe the wrath of God, but that we muſt enjoy the blackneſs of Hell for our demerit, he freely beſtowed on us his

beloved Son, to live miserably among those which gave him such untoward welcome, to pass through such an agony as should make him sweat Blood, Tears of Blood; to die a cursed death, such a death, such a sorrow, that none but himself could endure, no Tongue but an Angels can relate.

16. Friendship is never so truly beautified, at no time so gorgeously set forth, as when, like a ready Handmaid, it waits upon the greatest indigency. God was, and is, that true Friend to us. He saw how near we sate to the Margent of Hell, how the Devil stood in Ambuscado with dilated Arms, ready upon our first tripping to lay hold on us, our own imbecillity to resist the Attack; then sent he one that would not be foiled, should rescue us out of the Regions of Darkness, though with the unavoidable loss of his own most precious Blood. Ungrateful Man,

Man, though he hath defaced the Image of his Maker, diſrobed himſelf of all his Glories, yet would not God that he ſhould die eternally, as is moſt eminently ſeen in this his one mercy.

As it was a mercy in God in being this way ſatisfied for our Offences, ſo was it as great a mercy in Chriſt to lay down his life: for he did it ſpontaneouſly, and without compulſion; his Paſſion being wholly in compaſſion to thoſe,

Qui mortem inſonti poſſent imponere Chriſto.

I. 1. *No man taketh my life from me, but I have power to lay down my life, & I have power to take it up again.* That he that was God, and is God, ſhould die, is man's wonder: but that he, who could draw forth more than twelve Legions of Angels in warlike Equipage to his Reſcue (when one

ſingle Angel proved ſufficient to ſlay one hundred and eighty five thouſand armed Men in one night) would die moſt readily, lay down his life, rears that wonder a degree higher. But that this Son of God (whoſe Soul was ſo Cryſtalline, whoſe whole life more innocent than the Seraphical thoughts of expiring Saints) would prodigally pour forth his moſt precious Blood to bath and cleanſe our Leproſie, is an exaltation of that.

2. It ſhall be upon record, as an high peice of merit, if one man lay down the Treaſures of his own life to cancel the exacted debt of of his Friend.

——*Subeuntem fata mariti*
Alceſten.——

Alceſtes reprieved her Husband *Admetus* with the loſs of her own life. *Mæcenas*, a noble *Theban*, embraced

embraced death to reſtore life to his Captive Country. *Calphurnia*, the Daughter of *Marius*, was by him ſacrificed in the *Cimbrick* War. Hiſtory is replete with blazoning Græcian and Roman Worthies, who have diſvalued their own lives, when in competition with the ſafety and honour of their Country. This had a limitation to their Friends, to their diſtreſſed Country, yet it entitled them to be ſeated in the hallowed *Pantheon*, enrolled among the Gods, to have Tombs and Statues, built to perpetuate their memory to futurity. But Chriſt's love was univerſal, it had the eſſential property of good, it was *ſui diffuſivum*, it extended to the whole Univerſe, to thoſe that deſpitefully uſed him. In the Abyſs of his Paſſion, in the throws of his moſt compungent ſufferings, *Lord, lay not this ſin to their charge.* There could be no ends in Chriſt,

no accumulating of Glories, in whom dwelt the Fulneſs of the God-head bodily.

3. The inſuperable and tranſcendent love of Chriſt is every where legible and conſpicuous. Let us faſhion returns of Gratitude in the greater Odium to our Deviations, that coſt him ſo many pains, ſo many ſorrows; making that pious reſolution of S. *Bernard* our own, *Nolo vivere ſine vulnere, cùm te video vulneratum:* As long as we hear thy Wounds, as ſo many Mouths, crying out upon the cruelty of our Aberrations, we will not live without a throbbing Soul, a wounded Spirit. He had days of Humiliation for our Feſtivals, ſorrowing for our rejoycing; drank Vinegar mingled with Gall for our Carouſing; for our Purple and fine Linnen he wore a Robe of Mockery, and that ſpat on, and defiled; was ſcourged for our wantonizing;

tonizing; macerated his own Body, to pull down the excreſſency of ours, over-grown with a repletion of Luxury; crowned with Thorns to obtain for us a Crown of Righteouſneſs, that he might throw to us the Donatives of Everlaſting Life. And after all this (as if his Endearedneſs to us had been hitherto unexpreſſive) aſcended the Croſs, that by that Ladder we may ſcale Heaven, and for our prize have the Fellowſhip of Saints and Angels for ever.

4. Thus we have ſeen God's Juſtice, and Mercy run parallel. His Juſtice muſt keep us to that ſevere awe, and perfect Obedience, that preſumption get no footing in our hearts; not ſo much as an Outwork, whereby it may at any time ſurpriſe the main Fort. His mercy muſt teach us not to deſpair of his ſeaſonable relieving us; though our Sins are the black Curtain

drawn between the light of his glorious Countenance and us, so that we are almost dried up, and withered, yet, at the least appearance of our Humiliation, he will shed some Gleams, dart a Bay of Favour upon our drooping Souls.

5. An abused patience amongst most men transforms it self into a fiery indignation. What greater motives for God to destroy the interest we have in his favour, than our disdain and ingratitude. The Israelites after they had once received from the hand of God Livery and Seizin of the Land of *Canaan*, and by that had a confirmation of the validity of his Promises, they so soon forgot the exuberant mercies of the Lord, that he presently seised on their large Charter of Liberty, and gave them into the hands of Tyrants. Christ when he had once peiced the rich Robes of the Deity to the rags of flesh,

soon

ſoon found us ſick even to death, our wounds gangreen'd, and nothing could reſtore them but his own Blood. *Medicabile Nardum*, rich Spikenard, precious Ointment; he ſearched into our ſores, wiped off thoſe venemous pollutions we had attracted from the Loins of our firſt Parents, made us ſound men, left us his Antidotes, Inſtructions to continue ſound Chriſtians. But we muſt not like an over-confident Prodigal, who hath his firſt Debts ſtrook off from his Friends hopeful amendment, continue his unthriftineſs, preſuming to find their favour as prolifical as at firſt. *Debet amor læſus iraſci.* Love once abuſed changes its ſmiles into frowns.

6. God will not be mocked; he hath a Rod of Iron in his Hand, which he will not always brandiſh over us, but when we provoke his wrath he will ſtrike home. *Tar-*

ditatem

ditatem iræ gravitate ſupplicii compenſabit (ſaith *Lactantius.*) Though God doth not preſent execution, yet when he is pleaſed to ſcourge us, he will recompenſe the ſlowneſs with the weight and grievouſneſs of our Chaſtiſements.

Then when God is angry who can ſtand before his wrath, or abide the fierceneſs of his diſpleaſure? his wrath is poured out like fire, and the Rocks are broken by him.

7. Becauſe the Almighty hath hitherto given us a Life-Guard of Angels, that therefore he will continue the ſame protection to us (however we demean our ſelves) is an argument built wholly upon fallacy. The diſtance is many times great betwixt his Will and Power. 'Twere eaſie for God to make the Black Guard of Satan ſplendid Courtiers in Heaven, tranſplant all the fiery Legions of Hell into Paradiſe,

diſe, hallow and ſanctifie all their Profanations, transforming them into glorious Angels of Light, and inſtead of howling and ſhrieking, make them perfect Choriſters to ſing Anthems in the Celeſtial Quire. But that God will have his Juſtice go an even pace with his mercy; they to be tormentors for ſinning, we to be tormented by them for offending.

8. But let it not be with us as in unſound Bodies, the expelling of one Diſeaſe the making room for another, which may be as obnoxious as the firſt; inſtead of a too confident relying upon the mercies of God, and our own worthineſs, to fall upon its contrary evil, a deſpairing of the ſufficiency of his promiſes. From the laſt, a Rock equally as dangerous as the firſt, ſhould be our care to waft our weather-beaten Veſſels, when we have almoſt ſteered into ſafe Harbour,

We

We cannot figure any thing of the inward and diſtant Lights of the upper Region, without the aſſiſtance of a *Teleſcope*. But God, with a Glance ſwifter than Lightning, darts through all the Fig-leaves of our pretenſions ſooner than thought; threds the Maze and Labyrinths of all our Hearts: Then muſt he needs give a *veritatem dixiſti* to *Moſes*, *Our Imaginations are evil, and that continually*. Aſſoon as we ſhake off the Fetters of the Womb we are froward, repining at our Maker's dealing with us, who might have moulded us into Monſters. As ſoon as we draw breath we draw in ſin, and that with Greedineſs. But let not this anatomizing our contagious Souls ſtartle us, or fill us with conceit, that therefore we ſhall utterly peperiſh; for if we were deſtined to damnation, then were our Creation no happineſs, but a curſe.

9. If

9. If we timely take up, God will let light into that gloomy darkneſs that invelops us, diſperſe thoſe full ſwoln Clouds of his Wrath, that they break not on us. He is not an inexorable Judge: his ſtock of mercy is as replete as ours of ſins. The Thief on the Croſs deferred his repentance till the laſt moment (when we are ſure he had not time to make long Prayers) yet did out-run many who all their life rode poſt to Heaven, and gave in his *Beatè diſceſſit* the ſame day the Son of God entred into his Glory. If after all the abominations of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, *Abraham* could have found out but ten righteous perſons in thoſe Regal Cities, God would have ſtopped the Viols of his Wrath from being poured out upon them. A ſtrange diſcouraging Lottery, where ſo many thouſand Blanks may be drawn, before the Hand of God

can

can light upon one prize. Here might we enumerate the mercies of God, and for want of numbers leave them numberless. Sure this would have more puzzled *Archimedes*'s Arithmetick, than the Sands of the Sea he proudly vaunted he could give a number to.

10. 'Twas a mercy in God to midwife us from the dark Prison of the Womb, which otherwise would have been to us a putrid Grave. 'Twas a greater mercy in preserving us till we arrive at a ripeness of Knowledge, that we may consider our admirable making, with the wonderful Architecture of the Universe. But a greater mercy than that is the possessing our Souls with the saving knowledge of his Word, which is a Lantern to our Feet, and serves as a Pale, and Fence, to keep in the depraved mind of man from breaking out into all Enormities. Where, for

for our greater Regulement, we may ſee as clear, as if painted by a Sun-beam, the Sufferings of the Primitive Saints, and God ſupporting them to hold out the Conflict to the end, without Apoſtacy; and likewiſe his Juſtice ſeverely executed on thoſe, that preſumptuouſly ſpurn at his Ordinances, and deſpiſe his rich mercies.

11. But his mercy of mercies, and greateſt of all mercies, is, that of ſending his only Son, who was equal to the Father, and the Holy Ghoſt in Majeſty and Honour, to have ſorrow, ſuch a ſorrow as ſhould make him ſo dolorouſly complain to all thoſe that paſſed by. To die, to die ſuch a death as ſhould make him ſo paſſionately cry out to his Father, as if he had ſuffered the height of God's Anger (his Dereliction) and all to exorciſe us of ſin, and Satan; ranſom us out of a Land darker than darkneſs it ſelf, that

that we may be elated into the higheſt Heaven, where we ſhall be as far above the Sphere the Sun moves in, as we are now below it.

12. And that great and terrible *Jehovah*, whom we durſt not name without a venerable proſtration, whoſe clarity we cannot here behold, but through a Glaſs darkly, by reflected Beams, there ſee face to face, know him as we are known, accompanying Saints, Angels, Cherubims, and Seraphims, in ſinging Praiſes to that great God; where Sorrow ſhall know no Beginning, Bliſs no Ending.

ESSAY

Essay IV.

I. 13. *De Passione Christi in Corpore mystico, seu de cruce piorum.*

2 Corinth. 4. 17.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

'Tis a Canon drawn up in the Colledge of Heaven, that through the Ordeal Fires of Adversity the Saints enter the Regions of Blessedness. 'Tis fan-

cied by the Poet, that *Æneas* paſſed through ſtrange and uncouth places, had much of horror and trepidation before he reached the Elyſian Plains. We muſt ſail through this *Fretum*, paſs theſe Straits before we lanch out into the Ocean of endleſs Beatitudes.

14. We muſt ſcale theſe rugged *Alpes* before we make our *Intrado* into the *Campania* of future Glory. There is no *Galaxias*, no *Appian* way to Heaven; 'tis not *Lapidibus complanata*. And this every where proved to us by the Footings and Tracings of many imparadiſed Saints; ſome to the Theatres to be baited with wild Beaſts, as *Ignatius*; ſome to the Fire, as *Polycarp*; ſome to the ſcalding Baths, as *Phocas* Biſhop of *Pontus*; others to the Scaffold, as Saint *Paul*; every place tinctured with the Blood of Martyrs, the Priſon in *Jeruſalem*, the Cradles in *Bethlehem*. But their

Race

Race is run, they have finiſhed their Tragedy with a glorious *Exit*, with the *Plaudite* of God and Angels.

Some ſay the Lilies have no other Seed than their own Tears. We are ſure the Church hath no better Seed than the Blood of her Martyrs. It is a goodneſs we are not to thank our Enemies for. That which is intended for an utter extirpation, proves our beſt preſervative.

15. Our Bodies keep the ſounder for their Phlebotomy. The more they trample on us, the higher we riſe: *Antæus* like, we gather ſtrength by our fall. This emboldened *Tertullian* to tell the Blood-ſhot-eyed perſons of his time, that their perſecutions did but open the Sally-port to God's diſtreſſed people. *Plutarch* reports how that *Promotheus* ſtroke his Enemy with an intent to deſtroy the object of

his hatred, but instead of cutting the Thread of his Life, spun it out to a greater length; prob'd a hidden wound, lanced a concealed Impostume, which otherwise had proved fatal. Here is the true Sword Salve which both wounds and heals. O lovely Sore, when the Heavenly *Æsculapius* puts on the Plaister: O happy wound, that worketh so glorious a restoration. He that beholds the Wrackings and Tortures of the Saints and Servants of God, without faith to look upon the Crown their Saviour is weaving to adorn their Temples with, or to conceive the Caresses and Exultancies their Souls make in the midst of their Agonies, will behold them with much inquietude and astonishment.

16. 'Tis the contemplation of the Joys of Heaven that buoys our Souls, that they sink not in this black Sea. Through that *Medium* they

thy not only look into Heaven, but *Paradiſum mente deambulant.* See but the Bead-roll of S. *Paul*'s Sufferings; read but the Bill of Fare he draws you of a perturbed life, you would think he might make the greateſt Holy-Day. *Magnum aliquid ſpectat.* Sure there was ſome immenſe thing he looked after, that kept him from Swoons and Faintings, that alleviated the ſorrow and anguiſh of his ſoul: and here he gives us of the refection, aſſures us our affliction is but light, and, which makes it inconſiderable, it is but for a moment.

Philoſophy tells us, that the worlds chief materials are Food and Raiment, the reſt is *Nugatorium quiddam*, whoſe abſence may be diſpenſed withal; and therefore, if the choſen of God want the Redundancies of an exuberant Fortune, we cannot ſay their life is levened with ſorrow and diſcomfort.

K. 1. If we anatomize man in his Umbrage, his mendicant Condition, we shall not find him so pared to the quick, but that he may rival with him whom fortune hath aspected. *Zeno Citiensis* lost all his Goods in a storm. This which would have made foul weather, raised a *Hirrecan* in anothers Breast, he not only receives in a calm and serene temper, but counts it a Blessing from the Gods that they had given him liberty to study Philosophy. 'Tis not the thing it self that hath any intrinsecal worth to ennoble our condition, but our manner of receiving it, the value we set on it. *Paul* the Hermites Coat was as gorgeous in his Eye, as if vested with a *Persian* Robe. And *John Baptist's* Locusts and wild Honey tasted as sweetly, as if he had feasted at the Table of *Apicius* or *Lucullus*. *Diogenes* Earthen Platter, and the Roman Senators Dishes of Clay, were as

as useful as if molded of *China* Earth, or imbossed with Gold. The purling Water tasted as deliciously out of those courser Goblets, as dissolved Pearls drank out of Cups of Agate and Crystal by the riotous *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*. And if we respect fame, *Epaminondas* and *Fabricius* are transmitted to posterity with as many Asterisques of Honour as that wealthy *Crassus*; their contented poverty studding and enamelling their best Perfections.

2. Let our condition be never so abject, so necessitous, we have no reason to obnubilate the Sun of his Favour with the least interposition of distrust: for Heavens great Almoner many times gives us a measure brim full, pours out the over-flowings of his Love, and that when all humane help is at a loss, and impossibility of self-preservation. Where could the Israelites have found out mate-

rials for the cutting out new Garments in their forty years ſojourning in the Wilderneſs, if God had not miraculouſly minded their preſervation? Sure no Workmanſhip ſo laſting as that which this great Architect faſhions with his own hands: the Ground was too rude and churliſh to give Viands to ſo many Gueſts, yet the Fleſh-pots of *Egypt* could not equal the Dainties they ate in that barren Soil.

3. Sure the Banquet muſt be rich and bountiful, when this generous Diſpenſator furniſhes the Table with Cates, fetched out of the Store-Houſe of Heaven. And *Elijah* in his indigency had his Meſs brought him, one while by an Angel, another while by a Raven.

We have not yet ſeen any Gorgon Faces to affright us, and though we are led into darker Rooms, yet the Damps will not be ſo great as to make

make our Tapers burn blew. To be ſentenced to the *Athenian Oſtraciſm*, denyed to breath the Air that ſuckled us, torn from the ſociety of Friends and Acquaintance, ſnatched from the dear Embraces of an indulgent Wife, to hear the Cries and Heart-breakings of a tender Off-ſpring, or, like diſconſolate *Niobe*, ſee them ſlain in our own ſight. We might think this to be calculated for the Meridian of Sorrow; yet it is a Grief that may be very well ſupported with the Contemplation of what is yet left us. And if this be not Cordial Operative enough, conſider that in Heaven we ſhall not be erratick, but Stars fixed in the Firmament of Glory; not irradiated with a borrowed luſtre, but perpetually enlightened with the preſence of God himſelf.

4. *Plato* never reckoned himſelf deſtitute of Company as long

as

as he had the conversation and freedom of his own thoughts, never banisht his Countrey when he had the same Elements for sustentation, the same Luminaries to give him light and warmth. They may erase our Palaces, disparkle our riches, strip us of all the world calls beautiful, because we are here but Tenants at will; but that which we hold by a second life is *a Building not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.* They may dilacerate our Bodies with unaccustomed Torments, undress them of natures chiefest imbellishments, yet they cannot disrobe our Consciences of their white Vestments, extinguish those bright flames which (like *Elias*'s Chariot) coaches us up to Heaven.

5. *If they banish me* (saith *Brutus*) *they cannot forbid to carry with me my Vertues.* They are Crown-Jewels that must not be fingered,

no

no ravenous hand may embezzle. Though Detraction blurs our Honour with her ſowr Breath, makes putrid the ſweet Ointment of a good name; though our *Statuas* are thrown out of the *Capitol*, and hung up by the Heels in the *Forum*; though our names are blotted out of their Records and Annals of fame, regiſtred only with ſcorn and imbaſement, God permits it, that from this obſcurity, out of this lowneſs of Fortune, he may do himſelf the more honour, ſhew the excellency of his power by mounting us on a higher Throne, drawing the Rays of our Glory to a brighter Luſtre. Hiſtorians every where ſhew us many brave men, as well Heathens as Chriſtians (who had no other fault but too much merited of their Country) that have been paid with ſcorn and ingratitude, nay, with Proſcription; and afterwards, with the

the consent & applause of those very Persecuters, have thrown off the Mantles and Coverings of Darkness and Obscurity, and like the Sun after an interposition, appeared all Glorious.

6. God seldom remunerates his Servants here with a temporary felicity. Some indeed have been crown'd with Rose-Buds, have let no Flower of the Spring pass by them. Though *Mordecai*, a Captive, was invested with the Royal Robes, and rode upon the King's Horse, yet others have gone on foot, and not a seeming Gourd to refresh them, but so as he comforts and keeps vivid the Vitals with his Spirits and Extracts, distilled through that glorious Limbeck, *Paul* the Apostle: *We may be troubled on every side, but not distressed, perplexed, but not in despair, persecuted, but not forsaken.* God hath Balsom for every Wound, a Plaister for every Sore, and though

though he dreſs it not while it is green and freſh, yet he will make his applications before it feſter.

What though God ſuffer an Executioner to lay violent hands upon thee, he cannot go a ſtep beyond death; he does but antidate the work of a Diſeaſe, the difference only is, a nefarious hand preſently ſtorms the body, and a malady takes it in by a longer Siege: few drop like a waſted Taper in the Socket, but ſome violent wind puts it out, ſome ſharp Diſeaſe is the extinguiſher, and the Conflicts and Colluctations that ſuch have with death adequate the throws of a more haſty Tranſition. So that it matters not whether we die *Sicca*, or *humida morte*; whether we are burnt with a quick fire at the ſtake, or a lingring one of a Fever; whether we are thrown into the *Tiber*, or drowned at home with a Dropſie; whether ſtarved in a Priſon, or ſhrivelled

shrivelled in our Chamber with a Consumption.

7. Since God hath a Statute upon our Bodies, *It being appointed for all men once to die:* and that we cannot be removed from our Troubles of Life but by death, then the shortest way must needs be the best. 'Tis a poor thrift to put a Save-all into our Farthing Candle, to be angry because the thred of nature is broken before she has time to wind off the whole bottom. Though the eye of *Moses* was not dim, nor his natural force abated, yet when God bade him, *Go up and die*, he readily quitted his own command, went up to the top of *Pisgah*, and died. The Primitive Christians set so great an estimate upon the days of their death, that they called them *Natales*. Then they only began their *Epocha* of living: the world was but before in labour with them, and death was the Midwife to give them a Nativity.

8. Cer-

8. Certainly could we but hear the Tranſports of a refined Soul ſinging an *Obiit* to the world, preparing her Heavenly *Viaticum*, it would have a ſtrange charm, awake our Poppy Souls, and infuſe into them raptures of joy and exultation unexpreſſive; or if fabricated according to the Model of that Philoſopher, who would have a Window in the Breaſt of every man, we might ſee a ſtrange Feſtivity within him, not a Cloud in that Hemiſphere. What more lovely than the wounds of *Sebaſtian* (though drawn with a rugged Pencil)? Thoſe feathered Arrows winged him for an Heavenly Flight. Does not a Martyr amidſt his Flames ſhew like the Sun encircled with Rays of Glory? And S. *Stephen*, when brought before the Council, appeared not with pallor & dejection (like a Malefactor that looks half executed before the doom

doom be past) but so Seraphical, that the Judges saw his face, as though it had been the face of an Angel. When a Saint hath been mounting a Scaffold, have we not been big with conceit by those few Stairs he was ascending a Throne; that it was his *Jacobs* Ladder that raised him up to Heaven?

9. He must needs make a boon Voyage, that in so little a time is set on the shore of eternity, with so few steps is carried from earth to Heaven.

Let not then any thing startle us, though vizarded with loathsomness and deformity, nor be terrified, though we change life for death (with that brave Theban *Epaminondas*) so the Victory may be glorious. It is God's care (and who would not almost love his Disease for such a Physician (many times to use Corrosives to the Body, that the Soul may have her Lenitives;

punish

puniſh the worſer part, that the better may be preſerved. To a mortal man there can be no immortality of evil, man himſelf hath but a ſhort period; his life compared to things of the leaſt duration. And yet they that acted the moſt tragical parts (no doubt) had ſome Interludes and Receſſes. It was not long that *Joſeph* lay in priſon, nor *Job* on the Dunghil, nor *Jeremy* in the Dungeon. Others have put on Mourning for a longer term, but they alſo had a time to ſhift their Sables. *Dabit Deus his quoque finem.*

16. It is againſt the Rules of a Tragedy to have every Scene filled with Blood ſhed and Slaughter. A ſtrange diſtempered Seaſon if the Heavens ſhould continually be hung with black; as ſtrange if we always ſate in darkneſs, that the Sun did not ſometimes peep through our cloud of Adverſity. Though

it enlighten not the whole Body, yet it may guild the Fringes and Borders of it; gives us, though not a glorious light, yet ſufficient to keep our dying ſpark alive. But againſt all partiality, it muſt appear ſtrangely ſhort, if compared to the never terminating pains of the Fiends below, where the Worm never dieth, nor the Fire ever goeth out. It is obſerved by *Boetius*, That a *punctum* of time, and ten thouſand years hold better proportion than ſo many years, and that endleſs thing Eternity. *Æternum, æternum, quanta hæc duratio; quanta!* How much horrour and amazement ſhould the conſideration of it bring to them that barter for a preſent felicity, a few tranſient Glimmerings, ſo much horrour and confuſion; where they ſhall ſpend *morientem vitam*, be always dying, and yet never die; not one drop of Water ſhall be caſt

into

into the Furnace to ſlack their Flames, not one ſpark of Fire ſhall warm theſe refrigerating Waters: and to heighten the wonder, contraries ſhall dwell together without any deſtructive claſhing. Lamentable is the cry of the Prophet *Eſay*, *Who among us ſhall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us ſhall dwell with everlaſting Burnings?*

11. Is it not then better to be caſt down with ſorrow for ſin, than to be ſunk ſo low, that we never riſe again; to be clouded for a while, than over-caſt for ever? *Melior eſt modica amaritudo in faucibus, quàm æternum tormentum in viſceribus*: It is better to chew a little Gall in our mouths, than to have Gripings in our Bowels, and Excoriations in our Souls, and that for ever: to drink a Jill of Wormwood, than to be perpetually intoxicated with the Cup of his fiery Indignation: to endure the heavi-

neſs of a night, for the joy that cometh in the morning; a day that ſhall never be benighted, a day that ſhall not have ſo much as a Cloud to veil or curtain the Saints happineſs.

12. It was anſwered by that famed Emperour *Veſpaſian* (when *Apollonius* deſired admiſſion for *Dion* and *Euphrates*, men eminently qualified) *My Gates ſtand always open to Philoſophers, but my very Breaſt is open to* Apollonius. So the Gates of that Palace Royal of Heaven, that ſure City of Refuge, are never ſhut againſt ſuch as are beaten on the Anvil of Affliction for righteouſneſs ſake. But God receives theſe to a greater endearedneſs, ſtretches their natures wider to receive a fuller meaſure of Glory, erects their Throne with more refined Gold, ſets richer Jewels in their Crown, that ennoble their ſuffering with Patience and Glory

in

in their Tribulation. Patience, it fans the holy fires of Love, throws perfumes into the flame, ſnuffs our Lamp, and makes it burn with a brighter clarity; like the Chymiſts Elixir, it turns all into incorruptible Gold, the Touchſtone by which God tries his people whether they be Gold or a baſer Metal.

13. The warlike Inhabitants of *Germany* plunged their Male Children in the *Rhene*, to diſcover by their boldneſs in ſtruggling with the waters, their Courage or Cowardiſe. Our Heavenly Father caſts us on the Waters of *Marah*, wrinkles the face of them with that tempeſtuous wind, *Euroclydon*, that troubled *Paul*, to ſee whether we would lighten our Ship of that Baggage Stuff ſhe is freight with, whether we have courage to go on, or patience to endure, though we ſee neither Sun, nor Stars, for many days.

He that goeth to *Golgotha*, and seeth Martyrs and Malefactors sent to the immortality of another world, may easily make the difference, who suffers for demerit, and who for a good conscience. The one sings in his flames, the other howls; the one reproaches the Executioner, the other thanks him, and with that Proto-Martyr *Stephen* prays for him; the one, like a spent Meteor, stinks in his Socket, the other (like Aromatick Torches) perfumes the Air with odoriferous Evaporations, or a setting Sun that leaves an impression of Glory on the Neighbouring Clouds.

14. But to have heard the complaint of *Hadrian* sung in a soft tone, in a sadder Elegy; or to have seen the impatience of *Herod*, when wracked with an incurable Disease, but more distorted Conscience; or *Julian* the Apostate, full of horrour, and remedilesse de-

spair;

ſpair; or *Nero*, when he crept into a Thicket of Reeds, for fear of dying *more majorum*. This ſure (like *Belſhazzar*'s Hand-writing) would have made looſe the Joynts of his Loins, and his Knees to ſmite one againſt another. But the Saints of God they ſmile upon death, and torture, and good reaſon have they. *Mors non eſt obitus ſed abitus*: Death is their Goal-delivery, gives them a Writ of Eaſe from all their Labours and Endurances; 'tis their Intrat to their Glories, and endleſs Beatitudes. S. *Ferom* ſaw but a little timidity in his Soul, ſome ſhow of her unwillingneſs to leave her old Habitations, and preſently he gives her the check; *Egredere, quid times anima mea, egredere*, &c.

15. We may with leſs reluctancy traverſe this *Alpian* way, becauſe much plained with the footings of thoſe that have gone before. If

Myriads of Saints marched in the van, and dated their Enemies to an Execution, shall it startle us to bring up the rear? No Victory without fighting, no Crown without Victory. We may be Spectators at the Olympick Games, carry a Crown to adorn anothers Triumph, but never wreath our own Brows, unless we get the Garland with striving. And who will not enter the Lists, when he is sure to carry away the prize? For God, with his Militia of Angels, attends the Combat, and enhanceth the price of their Virtue, according to the vigorousness of the temptation they grapple with. If such had not their exemption from the effects of an angry God, whom the Lord hath styled, *A man after his own heart, the signet of his right hand, the friend of God, his Husbandry, his Building* (expressions of a strange endearedness) can

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we, that are but Shrubs and Brambles, think to have merited more of lenity than thoſe Oaks of *Baſhan*, thoſe Cedars of *Lebanon*, thoſe Columns of Piety and Godlineſs, that our ſervices are of an higher ſtrain than the Apoſtles and primitive Saints, and therefore he ſhould lay his ſtrokes the gentler on us.

16. Believe it, we have dipped our Sins in a far deeper Die, made them as red as Scarlet, rivalled the greateſt Offender, and therefore our ſuffering can never make an expiatory Oblation. If God did perpetually flaſh his Lightnings, dart his Thunder-bolts, and knot his Rods (like the Whips of the Furies) with Serpents and Scorpions, yet the diſproportion muſt be ſtrangely great betwixt a finite ſuffering, and an infinite Majeſty offended. 'Tis of ſingular advantage and encouragement to us in this War-fare, that Chriſt underwent the ſame preſſures,

pressures, but ripened to a greater maturition: for he can tell (to a scruple) how much Freight we can take in, how many fathom of Water our Vessel draws; so that he will be sure to unlade us, if the Burthen be too weighty, throw into them some sweet Liquors, if the Waters taste too brackish.

L. 1. It was a comfort to dying *Lausus*, that he received his death from the great *Æneas*. It matters not how many stripes we receive, how deep the wound, how disconsolate the Soul, since it is a Saviour that afflicts, who carries healing under his Wings: so much Blood and Sweat, so many Sighs and Sobs shall not become fruitless; but he will see the Work of our Redemption perfected. We are wounded, but that good *Samaritan* will have compassion, bind up our Sores, and pour Oil and Spikenard on them, that can settle and compose

a di-

a distempered and sadded Soul, and sparkle our Countenance, as if we were putting on the Royal Habiliments in the morning of our Resurrection: *Dum dat verbera ostendit ubera.* God never bruises us, but he hath a Plaister ready spread, pearled Cordials to fetch back a departing life. 'Tis said the Stork lets out the corrupt Blood of her young ones, and then acts the Chyrurgeon's part, closing up the Wound with her Tongue. *Thy Rod, and thy Staff, they comfort me*; both like loving Correlates attend each other.

2. It is a very great advance to a Cure, when our fancy builds a belief, that the means and applications us'd by our Physician will be prevalent to a repelling the Disease; then we yield our Bodies wholly to his disposal, and never dispute whether he will phlebotomize, or use strong Purgations; whether he scarrifies

scarrifies the wound, or makes an incision. God, who is omniscient, knows best how to deal with his Patient. Emollient Medicines will not remove a Chronical Disease. 'Tis well if we can save the Body by cutting off one gangreen'd Joynt, by letting out a little discolored Blood, preserve the rest sanguine & sound.

Sure those Laws of the Romans (like *Draco*'s) should have been writ in bloody Characters, where they invested the Parents with the power of life and death of their Wives and Children. *Fulvius* had not the denomination of cruel in doing execution upon his Son for confederating with *Catiline*. And *Titus Manlius* was thought rather favourable, than a severe Justicer, when he went no higher than to make his Son *Syllanus* a perpetual exile.

3. This rigorous piece of Justic, and unbiassed affection, built Trophies to their name, but no way

way improved the condition of the Patient; for it was Phyſick of a ſtrange nature, a ſublimate never ripened in Loves Limbeck. Our Heavenly Father that faſhioned us may impoſe what Laws his divine wiſdom thinketh beſt; but if he wounds his Servants, 'tis to heal them; if he takes away a temporary life, 'tis to haſten them to an eternal one.

Magni beneficii eſt indicium; When God ſeems to diſfavour us, then are we in higheſt favour; and we make the neareſt approaches to him, when in the eyes of the world we ſeem to be at the greateſt diſtance. Holy *David* acknowledged a Cure done upon him by an Heavenly Chaſtiſement; *It was good for me that I was afflicted.* The Priſon was the beſt School for *Manaſſes*; for in that ſolitude he could have no Divertiſement, but leiſure wholly to contemplate his great Deliverer, and figure to himſelf

self Ideas of a more Glorious Kingdom. *Vexatio dabit intellectum.* Punishment is Sins Looking-glass; there it beholds its uglineſs and deformity, the Stains and Morphews which make the Soul look ſqualid.

4. When *Abſolom* was under a Cloud, and putting his Deſignment of a Rebellion into the Forge, to amaſs a greater ſtrength, he ſent an invitation to *Joab* to embark in the ſame deſign; but *Joab* (whether in deteſtation of ſuch unnaturalneſs, or unwilling to hoiſe Sail, till he ſaw to which point of the Compaſs the Wind would ſettle) rejected the Summons. *Abſolom* ſends again and again, and ſtill *Joab* refuſes; but when he gave command to burn his Corn-Fields, and ravage all that Neighbourhood to him, he made no diſpute, but came apace. So in our proſperity we draw a partition betwixt God and us, will not cloud our thoughts with

with the contemplation of Judgment and another World, let his invitations be never ſo luſcious, preſented by Prophets, Saints, and Angels: but when he lays waſte our Poſſeſſions, diſmantles our Dwellings, throws us upon the Dunghil, then we look with averſeneſs on our ſins (the evil Spirits that raiſed this Tempeſt:) then do our viſive Beams pierce through Heaven it ſelf, and in this foul Weather ſeek to caſt Anchorage in the Arms of our Saviour.

5. The Philoſopher obſerves, that if we will ſee the Stars, and higheſt part of the Sphere, at Mid-day, we muſt deſcend to ſome Cavern, or low place in the Earth, where we are freeſt from the light, and coruſcations of the Horizon we live in. So we muſt be removed from the glaring luſtre of the World before we can truly diſcern Heaven, and the radiancy of its Glory.

Glory. The Figure and Global part of the Sun is clearer discerned in a Dish of Water, than in his Fiery Chariot. The Astronomers best posture is to lie prostrate on the Ground. When we are thrown on our Back, humbled and brought low, then we best behold God's Immensity, and our own impotency. The Earth that hath endured the Summers Heat, and Winters cold, cut with the Plow, and crumbled with the Harrow, is best cultivated to receive her Seed, and make a grateful return to her Benefactor. Some Fruits are best fermented with nipping Cold, and biting Frosts. Our stony Hearts are soonest ripened and mellowed by affliction.

After we have been thrust into the Forge of Persecution, we are then malleable, easiest to be hammered out. God sets his stamp, coins us for Glory, when melted in the

the *Crusible* of Adversity. Prosperity (like the Sun) doth too much harden us. Thunder scatters and disparkles ill boding exhalations, cleers the Air of all pestilent and malevolent humours: God thunders by affliction, breaks the racks of sin, and scatters those foul Meteors that are engendring in the regions of our Souls. Spikenard, precious Ointment, and sweet Waters savours more that the hand scatters and throws about, than when sealed up in their Inclosures of Crystal. Spices, for pounding and bruising, send forth exhalations more redolent. How Sunburnt, what *Æthiops* appear we, when blacked with sin? But as soon as God hath burnished (and like the Diamond) cut and pointed us, we appear (like *the King's Daughter*) *all glorious*. Affliction is the Mercury Water that clears our sallow complexion: the best

Beauty Spot we can put on.

7. *Elkanah* ſaid to the Mother of *Samuel*, *Am not I better to thee than ten ſons?* So it may be ſaid, is not affliction better than a thouſand pleaſures? Here every vanity doth way-lay us, as *Jael* did *Siſera*, *Turn thou in my Lord*, till it *ſmite* us *through the Temples.* If we ſaw but this foul Body diſſected, it would appear like a Mandrake Apple, comly to the eye, but poiſonous in taſte; or like the glorious Tombs of our Anceſtors, that enſhrine nothing but dirt and putrefaction. 'Tis not all Comical we act; the Scene will preſently change; like *Jonas*'s Gourd, it ſprings up to day, and canopies us from the Sun's intruſions, but anon an envious worm withers it. Pleaſure was never ſo abſolutely enjoyed, but that it had ſome Gall, ſome Wormwood thrown into the Cup. The ſmootheſt Face cannot

not laugh without contracting Wrinkles, and the extremity of it bedews our Cheeks with Tears. Like a Rainbow, it hath half Sun, and half Cloud. Like a Meteor it gives a glaring light, but portends miſchief; fits us for Plagues and Peſtilencies. If they were really good and profitable, they would improve thoſe that enjoy them; but the contrary effect is moſt apparent.

8. When *Nebuchadnezzar* ſtalked on the Roof of his ſtately Palace, and there beheld the Majeſty of *Babylon*, did he not then begin to wax proud, and vaunt the Workmanſhip of his own Hands: *Is not this great Babel which I have built?* But when God had humbled him with Chaſtiſement, plumed his Eagle Wings, then could he pierce through thoſe Clouds and Vizards that inveloped his underſtanding, ſee more of his Maker from that

lowneſs of Fortune, than when he towered on the Pinnacle of all his Glories. When *David* had his Beams diſplayed in a Royal Horizon, ſitting on the Houſe top, ſoon pryed into the Retirements of *Uriah's* Garden, and there fed his eyes with the unlawful love of *Bathſheba*: but when *Nathan* the Prophet had trumpeted God's Judgments, and with a black Pencil drawn a Scheme of his ſucceeding miſeries, it ſoon fetched him down from that height, and made him retire into himſelf, and appeal to the Chancery of Heaven for Mercy.

9. We have no reaſon then to be ſadded, or caſt down, if we ſee another wear richer Robes, beſpangled with brighter Glory; becauſe the Merchandiſe he trafficks for, hath ſuch a ſupervaluation, ſo ſtrange an impoſt ſet upon it. He that ſufficiently batteled in the pleaſures

ſures of a luxuriant life, bids us, *Envy not at the glory of a ſinner, for thou knoweſt not what ſhall be his end.* O conſider, what real and ſubſtantial ſorrow they exchange for counterfeit pleaſures; for fleeting vanity, an endleſs miſery. If *Dives* in his life time had ſeen thoſe pits of confuſion, heard the ſhrietches and yellings of the damned, put his Finger in that ſcorching flame, been ſtretched upon the wrack but for one moment, he would have made his life more tragical, torn off his Purple and Fine Linnen, and put on a Pilgrim's Habit; would have faſted himſelf to a Skeleton, ſet *Lazarus* at his own Table, and ſate himſelf at the Gate.

10. 'Tis not a Hell hereafter that excuſes, but here a corroding conſcience muſt center within them; that, like the Hand-writing upon the Wall, imbitters their delicious fare, damps their Frolick-

ings, puts them into ſhiverings and tremblings, though encircled with a Corone of Princes, finds them out in their Retirements, and in a croaking Mandrake Groan pronounces, their accounts muſt be ballanced, their pleaſures audited, that there muſt be ſorrow in its Achme, miſery pulled up to an unimagined height. It ends not here, but commonly they cloſe up all with ſome ſad Cataſtrophe. A Plebeian hath ſeldom any eminent part in a Tragedy, but mighty Princes, fond Lovers, warlike and haughty Heroes compoſe the Scenes. We cannot call that a fair day which hath a ruddy Morn, and bright Noon, if the Evening ſhuts up it ſelf with a diſmal blackneſs. Attend but the Exits of thoſe wretched perſons, ſee this Squib run to the end of the Rope, and it ſhall beſpatter it ſelf in pieces. Let us not paſs a Judgment upon a

Pomegranade

Pomegranade by a fair out-ſide, denote him happy that flutters in an opulent fortune; for their Jealouſie and Fear ought to run parallel with their felicity. O, unhappy is our condition, if God thinks us not worthy to wraſtle with miſeries, to bear in our Bodies the Marks of our Lord Jeſus.

11. The Deſtroyer muſt needs come in upon us, if the Scarlet Line hang not in the Window, or finds not blood ſprinkled upon the Lintel and Side Poſts. God's anger is ſcrewed up to a ſtrange pitch when he paſſeth by us with his Rod, when he will not ſo much as brandiſh his Sword at us. S. *Auſtin* ſaith, *That an offender ſometimes ſo exaſperates his Maker, that he will not chaſtiſe him in this life.* Their condition is very forlorn, whom the Lord leaves to a future puniſhment. How deadly will the blow be when God ſhall put fire to the Mine he

hath been ſo long digging! How deep the Cup, how bitter the Potion that he hath been ſo long brewing! If many of the Saints of God, out of the Sence of their own unworthineſs, have had ſtrange Titubations in the naming of that great and terrible day of the Lord, a day that the powers of Heaven ſhall be ſhaken, how much ſhould an Impenitent tremble & quake, when he conſiders that at this grand Aſſize the Lord will come with Fire, and with his Chariots like a Whirlwind to render his anger with fury, and his rebuke with Flames of Fire.

12. 'Tis now time that we remove from the Waters of *Babylon*, take down our Harps from the Willows, and prepare to ſing the Songs of *Sion* in a Glorious Land; wade out of this Valley of Tears, and get up unto Mount *Nebo* (*Moſes* glorious proſpect) that we may ſee the Riches of the Celeſtial *Jeruſalem*:

ſalem; and yet we can view but an imperfect Landskip. For if the knowledge of all the Sages in the World concentred in one perſon, he could give but a blurred Copy, a dark Figure a faint reſemblance of that extaſied Glory, prepared for the Saints, and Servants of God. 'Twas the moſt deſired wiſh of S. *Auſtin*, to have ſeen *Rome* when ſhe was the Worlds Metropolis, heard S. *Paul* in the Pulpit, and ſeen our Saviour in the Fleſh. But there he ſhall have his wiſh ſtrangely ſuperlative, ſee a City whoſe Foundations are garniſhed with all manner of precious Stones, where the Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb are the Temple of it, and in that Temple hear S. *Paul*, and Myriads of Angels, tuning their Harps, and ſinging perpetual Hallelujahs to the Glorious Trinity; and, which tranſcends admiration, ſee the Lamb wear the ſame Dreſs, checkered

ered with the rich Robes of the Deity.

13. There we ſhall have thoſe *Dotes Beatorum*, which the Schoolmen ſo much talk of, *Viſio*, *Dilectio*, *Fruitio*, in ſuch perfection as no Line or Plummet wrought by natures hand can fathom their Abyſs. When there is *Summum bonum in ſummo gradu*, it will be hard defining how good, how great they are. Here we ſpeculate and ſpell our Saviour in his Word, in his laſt Will and Teſtament. But there we ſhall behold the Word it ſelf, Chriſt Jeſus. God hid *Moſes* in a Cleft of the Rock, and covered him with his Hand, while his Glory paſſed by; he ſaw his Back parts only, *in tranſitu*.

But when the great day of exaltation cometh, that the Lord *maketh up his Jewels*, he will take us out of the Clefts and Vaults of the Earth (the Cabinets where he treaſures

treaſures up his Duſt) and ſet us on ſuch elated Thrones, as *Zacheus* his little Stature ſhall be no hinderance to take a full view of the Beatifical Viſion. We ſhall not look with admiration only, but with love and delight. Here our eyes are commonly bleared with envy, when they behold the Grandeur of another: but we ſhall rejoyce at the Saints Coronation, have not the leaſt tincture of emulation if we ſee a bigger Crown, a brighter Glory. Our love to Chriſt muſt needs be inſuperable, which made us Coheirs with him in Glory; that when one drop of his Blood had more of value than to make an adequatory Oblation for the ſins of the whole World, he would ſet a running all the Sluces and Rivulets of his Body; nay, would have abated nothing of the whole *ſeries* of his paſſion, if but for the ſaving of thy one individual perſon. And if Chriſt ſo

loved

loved us in the fleſh, eſpouſed us when we were full of loathſomeneſs and deformity, he will flame out with greater Fires, put us into his own Boſom, when the Refiner hath melted off our Droſs, waſhed us with his Fullers Soap, when he ſeeth us mounted to the Zenith of our Glory.

15. *Æneas*, though eſteemed pious among the Heathens, never had a nearer acceſs to *Apollo*'s Temple, than to the Threſhold or Porch of it. The Iſraelites durſt not touch the Borders of the Mount for fear of being ſtoned, or thruſt through with a Dart. And the Jews entred not into the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, but the High Prieſts alone, and that once a year. Before God ſpake unto *Moſes* he prefaced by Thunderings and Lightnings, and Mount *Sinai* was altogether on a Smoak, and the whole Mount quaked, and the people trembled.

trembled. But when we have our Materiality ſpiratualiſed, a Manumiſſion from the corruption of the fleſh, we ſhall come unto Mount *Sion*, the City of the living God, and to innumerable Companies of Angels. The Planets, that have a predominancy over our Bodies, here ſparkle only a borrowed luſtre: theſe, we gaze on with great admiration: yet at the general conflagration theſe Lamps ſhall be put out, as having too dark Rays to ſhine in the Horizon of Glory.

16. And if a Saint of the loweſt order in Heaven ſhall flaſh out more refulgent Beams, than if all the ſcattered Stars and greater Luminaries were ſtuck in one Sphere, made one ſplendid Ball of Light, with what hallowed Fires ſhall we burn, when with the brighter Cherubims, and many eyed Seraphims, we ſhall be ſet in one Carkanet, make up one glorious Conſtellation?

on? How great our light, when like ſo many *Heliotropia* we ſhall ſit ſunning our ſelves in the preſence of God himſelf? *Hellen* could never draw her eyes from beholding the beauty of *Paris*; and *Dido* was ſick of the ſame Diſeaſe.

——*Nequit oculos implere tuendo:*

She would never be ſatiated with the gazing on the countenance of Princely *Æneas*. But the Fire of their love was quickly put out, (like the faireſt Flowers they may be withered with too much ſmelling to.) Age will dull the edge of a deſireable Appetite, or in the height of their Enjoyments diſaſter or jealouſie enrage it to a Phrenſie.

M. 1. *Pandora*'s Box is open to every man. Here is no happineſs whoſe Ligaments are not ſoon bro-

ken,

ken, whoſe *Compoſitum* hath not ſome droſs. We are never fanned with ſo ſmooth a Gale, but we are ſometimes made to lower our Sails, ſome *Hirrecan's* are raiſed to make a Ruffle. And if our Halcyon Days make up a few Climactericks, we are glutted, have a ſaturity of Enjoyment. But in Heaven we ſhall ſee God *Paternaliter*, with a deſire and love ſtill to behold him, and that without any anxiety, or the leaſt decadency.

We have ſeen ſome perſons that have had ſuch a ſymetry of parts, ſuch an air in their Countenances, ſuch a plenitude of Perfections, that hath wrapped the Beholders into wonder and aſtoniſhment. If Corruption can put on ſuch charm, how bright ſhall we ſhine, when quickened with Celeſtial Fire; though inveſted with the ſame fleſh, yet ſpun to a finer Thread; though kneaded of the ſame A-

toms,

toms, yet finer fearſed, caſt in a fairer mold: our Bodies ſhall be clarified into Soul-Matter, and our Souls flame out with the Fires of a Divinity. No leſs than an Apoſtle aſſures us, *We ſhall be made partakers of the divine nature*; be ſo rarified, ſo ſpiritualized, have (as the Schoolmen venture to call it) an *Identification* with God in the ſtate of Bliſs.

2. Here we have a Film, a Cataract in the eye, that Luminary, our underſtanding clouded with a Cimmerian Darkneſs; at beſt we ſee but in *Ænigmate*, darkly, or like things we behold in the Water, that appear with crooked and diſtorted forms. But when that great Oculiſt of Heaven unſeals the eyes of our underſtanding, ſhews us *Magnalia Dei*, thoſe abſtracted ſpeculations, which are now inſcrutable and paſt finding out, ſhall then be as plainly figured, as if writ with a Sun-

a Sun-beam, and we ſhall behold the inſide of things with a clearer perſpicuity, than we do now their outſide or colours. There we ſhall underſtand why the ſin of one man ſhould be the ſin of every man; why God would not cancel the Worlds Obligation without that inеſtimable Blood of his dear Son, when he might have ſatisfied himſelf with a meaner Sacrifice, or taken away the cauſe by denying the Tempter acceſs into the Garden; ſhew how the world was made, whether by a fortuitous Concourſe of Atoms, as our Sectaries in Philoſophy have it; how the earth hangs upon nothing; how *Moſes* did all his wonders in *Egypt*; unriddle the Sacred Myſteries of the Deity, and thoſe inextricable knots of Divinity, which have unſheathed ſo many Swords, cauſed ſuch Claſhes and Diſturbances, ſhall be all enodated, preſent-

ed as in a Mirrour to our Underſtanding.

3. Here we may ſtand on Tiptoe, look into the Elyzian Fields through the proſpective of Faith, but we view them at a great diſtance, and commonly we have weak Beams, and an unſteddy hand, but there thoſe faint means will become uſeleſs: God will pull off his Mask, throw aſide every *Umbrella*, and give us a patefaction of all his Glory. When Mount *Tabor* ſparkled with the Beauties of Chriſt's Tranſfiguration, and the Apoſtles were ſhewed the gorgeous Apparel they ſhould be decked with hereafter: no wonder if *Peter* deſired there to fix their Tabernacles. If ſuch a Stage as Mount *Tabor* can preſent a Scene ſo richly dreſſed, when a few Saints deſcend and traverſe it; how illuſtrious will the ſight be, when we ſee the Great *Jehovah*, and Myriads of Angels, *pleno orbe*,

in

in their full Glory. We ſhall not only ſee theſe Tranſcendencies, but be that which admits of no emblematizing, adapted, made congruous, and ſympathetick with Celeſtial Perfections.

4. Stars have their Malevolent Aſpects, the brighter Luminaries their Spots, and the moſt ſplendid Diamond is not every where tranſparent. But in Heaven there are no Errata's, the beatified Saints cannot contract the leaſt ſtain. No unclean thing enters into thoſe Holy Habitations, breath nothing but the ſweets of love, have ſuch a fulneſs of every delicious thing, that there can be no addition: for, if there could be any increment or decrement, then there were no perfection. *Ibi vita ſine morte, veritas ſine errore; felicitas ſine perturbatione*, all things ſublimated to the moſt extaſied purity, & that without any change, without any diſturbance, no night but an endleſs day.

5. Things are beſt illuſtrated by their Contraries. The Northern Men, that are benighted for ſix Months together, ſalute the approach of the Sun with a more exceeding joy, than they that face him every day. The Beauties of the Spring receive a better Welcome after a ſtormy Winter. Reſt will be moſt joyous to thoſe who have undergone a troubleſome Pilgrimage. The clarity of Heaven will appear more lucid to them that ſate here in darkneſs. Take a Priſoner out of a dark Dungeon, and ſet him before an unclouded Sun, and he ſhall not be able to make him a fixed Object. And what is the Radiancy of this Sun to the Son of God? This Spark to that glorious Diamond, this Daddock-wood, this Glow-worm to that Morning-Star? When God ſhall raiſe his Servants out of their Beds of Obſcurity, remove them

them from the dark Chambers of the earth, and ſhew them the glittering Manſions above, they ſhall be like Cherubims, full of eyes, give and receive light, and nothing ſhall weaken their improved Opticks, though millions of Suns ſhine in one Horizon in their Meridian of Glory. Theſe Suns ſhall never exhale an ungrateful Cloud to obſcure them, never be an interpoſition to eclypſe each others light; their joys ſhall not be levened with the leaſt ſorrow. That clear Sky ſhall not contract the leaſt ſpot, and which is more, time ſhall never wrinkle them.

6. 'Tis a conceit of the Poets, that in *Elyſium* their Goblets were always full of *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*; and as they ſtill drank, their Cups were repleniſhed to an over-flowing. The Saints have better aſſurance for the Permanency of their Paradiſian Bliſs. *Mutabimur in*

immutabilitatem : We ſhall be changed into an unchangeableneſs. Our Crowns ſhall continue the ſame ſplendor, our Robes the ſame Lillied Purity, our Palms the ſame Verdure and Fragrancy. Here we are in a continued fluxibility, have Springs and Falls, Summers and Winters, Droughts and Inundations; But in our final Eſtate there is neither *Efflorescentia nec caneſcentia*; no ebbing or flowing, no extinguiſhing of that Veſtal Fire; no falling of that Golden Leaf of endleſs Glory. Becauſe our time is here ſhort, we cut it into ſhreds, reckon by Minutes, Hours and Days. But when we have once caſt Anchor in the Ocean of Eternity, *non eſt heri nec heſternum*; there ſhall be no diſtinction of Days, no reckoning *Luſtres* or *Olympiads*, but have one perpetual *Pentecoſt*, a never ending *Jubilee*.

7. The

7. The Arithmeticians are ſo bold as to tell you, they can ſet down how many Corns of Duſt make up the Globe of the Earth. They will go a ſtrain beyond that, and ſay they can give a number to as many Grains, as ſhall fill the ſpacious Concavity betwixt this and the Firmament. The Mathematicians take the height and dimenſion of the remoteſt Planet, put a Girdle about the Heaven it ſelf. The Philoſophers will tell you of what ſtuff the Stars and Spheres are made. It would not only poſe *Archimedes*, but baffle the Angels themſelves, to draw imaginary Lines about the higheſt Heaven, ſumm up the Calends of Eternity.

8. Here you have a Picture with a *Janus* Face; on the one ſide the Features ſhadowed with a black Coal, a blubber'd Face, diſhelved Hairs; but he that makes a curious

inſpection ſhall find, though black, yet ſhe's comly, diſcover a life in that ſorrow, beauty in that careleſneſs. On the other ſide, there are only ſome few Lines drawn to ſhew, that ſomething more excellent ſhould there be ſhadowed. *Zeuxis* being hopeleſs of pourtraicting a comly *Venus*, limn'd only the back parts, leaving the reſt to fancy and imagination. At beſt, we can draw but in Water-colours thoſe incomprehenſible Glories. For if *Paul*, a Star of the firſt Magnitude, after he had been caught up into Heaven, and viewed the ſplendid Equipage of that place, confeſſed that he ſaw things unexpreſſible, and heard things unutterable, 'tis not for Duſt and Aſhes to bedribble with a rude Pencil ſuch ſuperexcellent perfections. But ſo much ſatisfaction we find as to diſcern a ſtrange diſparity betwixt the ſervice and the reward,

affliction

affliction and Glory; the one ſo light and momentany, the other ſo weighty and eternal, that it is but as a duſt in the Ballance, an Atom to the Earth, a drop to the Ocean; the one a *punctum*, the other admits not any Philoſophical Commenſurations.

9. Let us then, like wiſe Merchants, lay out for that rich Pearl of eternal life. *There are* (ſaith the Prophet) *that buy much with a little.* For taking up the Croſs of Chriſt, enduring a few temporary outrages, we ſhall ſit with him on his Throne, arrayed with a blaunched Veſture. For if we ſuffer with him we ſhall alſo reign with him. *Jacob* ſerved his Uncle *Laban* ſeven years for *Rachel*, and they ſeemed but as a few days, for the love he bare to her. If we deſire the Eſpouſals of Eternity, we muſt cheerfully undergo a few Medicinal Corrections, feed upon Husks, ſince

it

it brings us to the fatted Calf. It was an earneſt of a ſtrange affection in *Agrippina*: *Occidat modò imperet*; I care not how they diſpoſe of me, ſo that *Nero* reigns. But holy *Job* looked for a better return of his Imbitterments, when he took up that ſtout reſolve, *Though the Lord ſhould kill me, yet will I truſt in him.* And likewiſe S. *Auſtin*, *Domine hîc ure, hîc ſeca, ut in poſterum ſanes.*

10. It matters not how ſoon we get upon this pale Horſe, ſince he tranſmits us into *Abraham*'s Boſom; though he ſears us with an hot Iron heated in *Nebuchadnezzar*'s Furnace, ſo he marks us for his; how ſoon he imbalms and conduits the Body in the Grave, ſo he ſerve it up for a refection at the Supper of the Lamb. If he unskrew the Wheels and Gimmers of this Building, 'tis to give it (like a foul Watch) a new ſcowring. Though

he

he cut down the Trunck, yet care ſhall be taken of the Root. We may diſpenſe with a tranſplantation when he gathers us from Briars and Brambles, plucks us out of a barren ſoil to ſet us in a more fertile Land. Though our Flower ſheds his Beauties, hangs down the Head, and dies, yet the Seed ſhall ſtill be preſerved; like China Earth, ſuch ſtay in the Grave ſhall beget a tranſparency. Though he undreſs the Soul, throw the Body into the Valley of dry Bones, and there lodge it for thouſands of years, yet they ſhall appear *Tanquam ſomnus unius horæ*; but as the ſleep of one hour. And though ſent to that ſtate of Dormition, ſuch names, as have not defiled their Garments, ſhall be regiſtred in his Ephemerides, in ſuch indeleble Characters, as no *Index expurgatorius* ſhall ever blot out; and in his good time he will viſit the Sepulchres & Cœmeteries

ries of thoſe dead, recal the Souls from their Widdow-hood, put unctuous matter into every dry Bone, cloath them with Sinews and Fleſh, and ſpread ſuch a Covering of Skin upon them, as *Moſes*'s Face (when illuſtrated) would appear but as a darkening Veil; and all to meet our Redeemer in the Clouds, that he may in this lovely Dreſs uſher us to unſpeakable Glories, to Heaven, the Haven of our endleſs Reſt and Happineſs.

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